

SKETCHES

OF THE

LIVES and WRITINGS

OF THE

LADIES of FRANCE.

By ANN THICKNESSE.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

L O N D O N,

Printed for DODSLEY, in Pall-mall,

AND

W. BROWN, in the Strand.

M,DCC,LXXX.

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E R R A T A.

Page 1, line 3, read *Melchior*.

25, 15, r. *Mencenares.*

35, 16, r. *gloire.*

58, 4, r. *diocesi.*

74, 21, r. *demande.*

76, 8, r. *des.*

81, 12, r. *de lui même.*

91, 21, r. *patacoons.*

94, 8, r. *castanets.*

95, 5, r. *prosperity.*

98, 8, r. *powder.*

100, 6, r. *Infant.*

102, 23, r. *with whom.*

115, 5, r. *recompense.*

272, 1, r. *and fortitude.*

281, 4, r. *prey.*

285, 18, r. *Rosebecq.*

TO



T O T H E

Honorable Mrs. Grenville.

MADAM,

AS you have been pleased
to express favorable sentiments of the first volume of the Lives and Writings of the Ladies of France, and as I know not any English Lady better acquainted with the manners and customs of that Kingdom, nor any one more respectable in This, permit

A 2

me

me to have the honor of addressing the second volume of the Sketches to you, that I may thus publicly avow those sentiments which I have hitherto privately possessed, and to assure you, that I have the honor to be,

MADAM,

With great respect,

Your most obedient,

Humble servant,

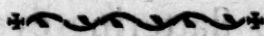
ANN THICKNESSE.

St. Catherine's
Hermitage,
Jan. 1st. 1781.

SKETCHES



S K E T C H E S
 OF THE
 L I V E S *and* W R I T I N G S
 OF THE
 L A D I E S of F R A N C E.



MADAME DES HOULIERES.

THIS lady so universally admired for her literary abilities, was the daughter of *Melchoir du Ligier*, a gentleman of good family, but small fortune; she was born at Paris in 1633, and was so highly distinguished for her poetical talents, as to be ranked among the first of the French poets. She was well

well versed in the Latin, Italian, and Spanish languages, in each of which, she wrote with facility and elegance. Her taste for study, particularly poetry, commenced at an age, in which most other females employ their minds in adorning their persons; but *Madame des Houlières*, though she possessed a great share of beauty, and a most captivating figure, seemed ambitious only of acquiring that kind of admiration, so flattering even to great minds. The charms of her person bore a kind of similitude with those of her mind; she was perfectly elegant, with a softness of manners, which rendered her a most agreeable companion; but the best panegyric we can give of this celebrated lady, is expressed in the following lines which are at the bottom of her portrait engraved by *Vanschuppen*, and placed at the head of the first edition of her works.

Si

Si corine en beauté fut célèbre autrefois,
 Si des vers de pindare elle effaca la gloire,
 Quel rang doivent tenir au temple de memoire
 Les vers que tu vas lire, & les traites que tu vois?

BUT with all these advantages, *Madame des Houlieres*, was far from being happy. Her works breathe every where, murmurs against fortune. At the age of eighteen, she married *Monsieur des Houlieres*, an officer in the service of the Prince of *Condé*, who was obliged shortly after their marriage, to accompany that Prince in his expedition to *Rocroi*, which was attended with success; and by which, *Monsieur des Houlieres*, was raised in the army, but being led into extraordinary expences to support his new acquired honors, his affairs were thrown into the utmost embarrassment, and most of his effects were seized; to add to his misfortunes, his pay was also stopped; upon which, *Madame des Hou-*
lieres

lieres, went in person to court, and presented a petition on behalf of her husband, but no notice being taken of it, she made loud complaints, which was looked upon as a crime, and for which she was arrested, and conducted a prisoner to the castle *de Vilverden*, two leagues from *Brussels*.

As soon as *Monsieur des Houlieres* was informed of his wife's confinement, he solicited for her being set at liberty, but finding there were but little hopes of obtaining it, he marched to *Vilverden* with some soldiers, forced the fortress, and brought off his wife in triumph, but he would undoubtedly have suffered for this resolute action, had it not been that a general pardon was at that very time proclaimed, and of which, he very opportunely took advantage. He however, obtained soon after, employment in the King's service, and his wife pursued

pursued her studies, and taste for poetry.
 She composed a number of elegies, epi-
 grams, songs, madrigals, odes sonnets,
 Idyls and tragedies, but her Idyls are
 held in the most estimation of all her
 works: those intitled *les Fleurs, les oiseaux,*
& des moutons, are exceedingly admired.
 Though we cannot pretend to attempt a
poetical translation, yet a specimen of
 her sentiments, may afford a small idea
 of her genius.

Alas little lambs, how much your
 condition is to be envied!

You pass away your time without
 cares, without alarms, loving and being
 beloved;

Free from all unnatural desires, you
 have no cause to weep.

Innocence and tranquility reign in
 your hearts.

In

In following the dictates of nature, you experience all the pleasure and delight of the passions, without being annoyed by its torments.

Ambition, honor, interest, and imposture, which are the train of evils diffused among us, are utterly unknown to you.

You remain in happy ignorance, while we are by *reason* guided.

But you have but little cause to envy us this imaginary good,

For this proud reason of which we so much boast, can but ill combat with our passions.

It is true it opposes them, but generally is found too weak, to surmount them.

It must be confessed, than in the *pastoral* line, *Madame des Houlieres* has
shewn

shewn uncommon genius. She was honored with the friendship and esteem of the very first personages of the age she lived in, among whom, were the Dukes *de Saint Agnan, de Montausier, de la Rochefoucault, de Nevers*, the Marshal *de Vivonne* and the Bishop of *Nismes*. Her talents procured her all the literary honors to which her great merit so justly entitled her, being admitted into the academy of *Arles* in Provence, and in that of *Ricovrati* at *Padua*: and at length, she obtained a pension from the crown, which enabled her to spend the evening of her days with uninterrupted repose and tranquility, till a cancer, put a period to her life in 1695.

MARCHIONESS DE VILLARS,

MOTHER to the celebrated *Louis Hector*, Marshal Duke *de Villars*,

Vol. II.

B

renowned

renowned for the great services he rendered his country, and whose name is so highly revered and honored by the French nation. His illustrious mother, was *Marie de Bellefonds*, a lady as remarkable for the beauty of her person, as for her wit and conversation. She accompanied her husband the Marquis *de Villars*, into Spain, being appointed ambassador to that court, at the time that Charles the second married *Marie Louise d' Orleans*, niece to Lewis XIV. During her stay at Madrid, she wrote many letters to her friends, particularly to *Madame de Coulange*, most of which, have been preserved; they are wrote with great spirit, though not in the most elegant style, but they contain a great number of very curious anecdotes, and entertaining observations, on the customs and manners of the Spanish court. Madam *de Sevigné* in one of her letters to her daughter, says: "*Madame de Villars*"

“ *lars* has wrote a thousand agreeable
 “ things to *Madame de Coulange*. The
 “ Duke *de Rochefoucault* (who you
 “ know is very curious) *Madame de Vins*
 “ and myself, are for ever at *Madame de*
 “ *Coulange's* elbow, to learn all we can.”

Madame de Villars says, That at
 their arrival near Madrid, all the
 ladies and officers of the Queen's
 household, with the maids of honor,
 came out to meet them. “ As soon as
 “ they were near enough to perceive
 “ us, (says the Marchioness) they waved
 “ their handkerchiefs in the air as a
 “ sign of amity. I had liked to have
 “ forgot to return the compliment, if
 “ my daughter had not reminded me, by
 “ which I should have exposed myself
 “ very foolishly at the first setting out.”
 Then speaking of the ceremony of their
 visits, (she adds) “ As soon as I arrived,
 “ all the Princesses, Duchesses, Gran-

“ dees, &c. sent to compliment me on
 “ my arrival at Madrid, and desired to
 “ know when it would be convenient
 “ to me to see company. At length
 “ the time arrived and I received visits
 “ three days together. It is impossible
 “ to tell you what an infinite number
 “ of steps one is obliged to take, in re-
 “ ceiving these ceremonious visits, for
 “ at their coming in, and going out,
 “ one must walk before them as far as
 “ the first, second, or third chamber,
 “ according to their rank.—Indeed I
 “ should have forgot half what I had
 “ to do, if I had not been often re-
 “ minded by the ladies who attended
 “ upon me, and this fatigue lasted al-
 “ most the whole days. They are con-
 “ ducted into a chamber entirely co-
 “ vered over with the richest carpeting,
 “ on the middle of which, stands a ve-
 “ ry superb silver brazier, in which is a
 “ very good fire of neither wood nor
 “ coal,

“ coal, but small nuts, which burn re-
 “ markably clear, and make the pret-
 “ tiest fire imaginable;—the vapour is
 “ soft and agreeable, and lasts the
 “ whole day without replenishing.—It
 “ was pleasant to see all these women
 “ together, chattering like a pack of
 “ magpies just frightened out of their
 “ nests, but most superbly adorned with
 “ gold and silver stuffs, with an infinite
 “ quantity of jewels; except those,
 “ whose husbands were absent from
 “ them; for then they only wear plain
 “ grey, or white, with a girdle about
 “ their waists, of either cord; or lea-
 “ ther, and at the same time very de-
 “ voutly dedicate themselves to some
 “ favorite saint.—But to return to our
 “ brazier, around which they all *squatted*
 “ upon the carpet, for though there
 “ were a number of cushions, they re-
 “ fused to make use of them. As soon
 “ as they were seated, five or six wo-

“ men brought in a colation, from
 “ which they were a considerable length
 “ of time regaling. And then some
 “ large salvers of dried sweetmeats
 “ served by young girls with a quan-
 “ tity of all sorts of iced liquors and
 “ chocolate. The iced chesnuts
 “ which they eat, or rather greedily
 “ devour, are called *castagnes*, which
 “ are looked upon by them as a
 “ great dainty.” In another letter,
Madame de Villars, says: “ The King
 “ of Spain went to meet the young
 “ Queen as far as *Burgos*, but if he had
 “ not happened to have found her
 “ there, he was determined to have
 “ gone even to the frontiers of his
 “ kingdom, he was so impatient, or so
 “ much in love. By this disposition in
 “ the King, we may form some judg-
 “ ment, that the Princess will be hap-
 “ py. She received the King, dressed
 “ in the French manner, with a prodi-
 “ gious

“ gious quantity of jewels, but the
 “ next day, she quitted it for the Spa-
 “ nish habit, at which, the King was
 “ not a little pleased.”

A short time after the new Queen arrived at Madrid, she testified a great desire to see *Madame de Villars*, and sent to tell her that the King consented to her coming *incognito*; the reason of which was, it not being customary for the Queen to see any one till after she had made her public *entrée*. This custom was always so strictly observed, that when it was told the *Camarera Major* (first lady of honor) that the King had given permission for *Madame de Villars* to visit the Queen *incognito*, she exclaimed rather angrily, that she would not have any thing to do in it, for it was against the established custom, and the Queen ought not to receive the visits of either man or woman, till it was proper.

proper.—Another French lady who was also very desirous of seeing the Queen, went into the *Camarera's* apartment (which joined to that of the Queen's) of which her Majesty being informed, run into the room to speak to her, but the *Camarera* taking her by the hand, led her into her own chamber again. At length, after the greatest difficulty, *Madame de Villars* was admitted into the Royal Presence, the account of which, we will give in the Marchionesses own words.

“ I entered by the *Camarera's* apartment, who received me with much civility, and conducted me through two or three little passages, into a gallery, where I thought only to have seen the Queen, but to my great astonishment, I found myself in the midst of all the Royal Family. The King was seated in a great arm chair, and the young Queen upon a number
of

“ of cushions. The *Camarera* holding
 “ me by the hand, and telling me the
 “ number of curtesys I was to make,
 “ the first to the King, indeed she made
 “ me approach so near to his catholic
 “ majesty, that I could not conceive
 “ what she intended I should do;—but
 “ when I told the Marquis *de Villars* of
 “ it, he said, he supposed that she
 “ wanted me to kiss the King’s hand.*

“ I was

* We know not which of the two extremes, IMPERIAL ARROGANCE on one side, or the meanest servility on the other, creates most abhorrence in our bosom, or, whether the Sovereign who receives, nay requires an homage due only to GOD, or the wretch who prostitutes himself to bestow it is most to be despised, but to shew what Kings, who are improperly Educated expect, and what subjects who are mean can sloop to, we shall recite an instance in the Princess *des Ursines*, one of the most haughty and imperious dames of the Court of Spain in the reign of Charles the Vth, who complained bitterly to the Marshal *de Noailles*, that tho’ she had the honor to give the King his robe *de chambre* when he went to bed, and to carry his slippers, and to draw his curtains before he rose, “ yet said she, the

“ I was presented with a cushion, on
 “ which, I only sat a minute, taking
 “ the first occasion to rise, because I
 “ saw a great many *senoras d'honor*
 “ (ladies of honor) standing also. The
 “ Queen pressed me often to sit down,
 “ but I thought standing might be more
 “ agreeable, as none were seated but
 “ the Royal Family. The young
 “ Queen

Count *de Beneverte* requires me to take the King's sword
 when I carry in the *pot de chambre*, which is very incon-
 venient, as I have a lamp to carry at the same time,
 and which, by being over loaded, I often spill, and
 thereby soil or spoil my cloaths.” Not considering how
 she soiled and spoilt the honor of human nature by being
 solicitous about a vessel, the contents of which so con-
 stantly informed her, how near her own honor, and the
 King's were allied.—When *Pasqualini*, who taught the
 late Duke of York to play on the violoncello, was asked
 in what manner he corrected the Prince when he touched
 the instrument improperly, he replied. “ May it
 “ please your Highness to clap your Royal finger *dare!*”
 and we conclude that had the Princess *des Ursines* been
Camarera Major to the Royal Children of Spain, her
 Highness would have bid them clap their Royal *****
 ***** on the *pot de chambre*.

“ Queen partook of a light colation,
 “ served by her ladies upon the knee.
 “ Soon after that was finished, Their
 “ Majesties quitted the gallery, the
 “ King walking first, then the Queen,
 “ holding her mother in law by the
 “ hand, but she returned again in a
 “ few minutes on purpose to speak to
 “ me; there remained only a very old
 “ lady in the apartment, at some dis-
 “ tance from us, so that we could con-
 “ verse freely. The Queen most ob-
 “ ligingly said, that she would have
 “ embraced me heartily if the old lady
 “ had not been there. I staid three
 “ hours and a half, and then it was
 “ with reluctance the Queen suffered
 “ me to leave her. She expressed the
 “ greatest desire that I should come to
 “ her every day, to which, I assured
 “ her, that nothing could be more per-
 “ fectly agreeable to me, but I entreat-
 “ ed of her to dispense with my com-
 “ ing

“ ing so often, till I was convinced that
 “ the King and the Queen mother
 “ wished it as much as her Majesty,
 “ but I saw very clearly that that was
 “ not the case.”

CHARLES II, had an exceeding great aversion to the French nation, and although he loved the Queen passionately, he could not conceal his joy when he saw the number of French diminish, which had accompanied her into Spain, for though he did not absolutely send them back, yet their lives were rendered in the palace so insupportable, that it obliged them to leave it. They were not suffered to speak scarce a word of French to the Queen, and he was out of humour and morose, if she spoke to them too often, or too long together. Nothing could be more melancholy and sad, than the life that amiable Princess was obliged to lead;
 she

“ She was forced, says *Madame de*
 “ *Villars*, to go to bed constantly at
 “ half past eight, the moment she rose
 “ from supper. She plays three or
 “ four hours a day with the King a
 “ game which he is exceedingly fond
 “ of, though it is far from being agree-
 “ able to her, yet she discovers not the
 “ least chagrin, on the contrary, she
 “ seems to all appearance, delighted
 “ with it. The King often makes her
 “ little presents which he knows she is
 “ fond of, this is some consolation to
 “ her however; her airings abroad, are
 “ if possible still more irksome. She
 “ accompanies the King in an ill con-
 “ trived coach, with the curtains drawn
 “ all round if it, be ever so hot. Upon
 “ great holidays, she is obliged to pass
 “ seven or eight hours in the church,
 “ after which, they sometimes enter-
 “ tain her with a masquerade, at which,
 “ the *Grande*es run about two and two,
 Vol. II. C “ with

“ with lighted flambeaus in their hands.
 “ The pleasures of the carnival consists
 “ in throwing a great quantity of scent-
 “ water out of the windows on the
 “ heads of all who pass by, and the
 “ King and Queen, as also the ladies
 “ of the court pelt each other with eggs
 “ filled with perfumed water. The
 “ King often takes the Queen to visit
 “ the convents, but this is far from
 “ being any amusement to her;—in
 “ short, she passes her time very dif-
 “ ferently to what she has been accus-
 “ tomed to in France, but she is of so
 “ amiable a disposition, that she shews
 “ all submission and complacency to her
 “ husband. At present indeed, she be-
 “ gins to enjoy more liberty than she
 “ did at first, having changed the *Ca-*
 “ *marera Major*, who is not so *crabbed*,
 “ *and strict* as the former. The King
 “ now, even permits the Queen to set
 “ up till past ten, and also to ride on
 “ horseback

“ horseback when she will, although it
 “ is contrary to the established custom.
 “ We see one another now, with more
 “ freedom. She often speaks of *Fontainbleau*
 “ and *Saint Cloud*, but I im-
 “ mediately change the discourse, and
 “ indeed I endeavor all in my power,
 “ to amuse her, and omit not to make
 “ use of every argument I can to per-
 “ suade her to reconcile herself to the
 “ life she leads, which is certainly
 “ wretched enough for a young princess,
 “ brought up in all the gaiety and plea-
 “ sure with which she was surrounded
 “ in the Royal Palace of *Fontainbleau*.”

Madame de Villars then gives a long
 detail of the diversion of the bull-fight,
 but as that has been so often described
 by other writers, we will omit it. A-
 mong the many odd and singular cus-
 toms in Spain, mentioned by the Mar-
 chioness, she says: “ Whenever the

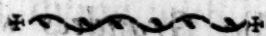
“ women go out in a coach, they al-
 “ ways draw the curtains close, or else
 “ they would be looked upon as women
 “ of bad character. Neither the King
 “ and Queen, or any of the nobility,
 “ ever make use of any other terms
 “ than *thee* and *thou*: It is an established
 “ custom that when ever his Majesty
 “ goes into the Queen’s apartment, all
 “ the ladies are obliged to retire, ex-
 “ cept perhaps the *Camarera Major*,
 “ and two or three of the domestics.
 “ The Spaniards are not accustomed to
 “ sit down in a chair or upon any other
 “ seat, it is pleasant to observe their
 “ air whenever they do, they seem
 “ overcome with weariness, and know
 “ not what to do with their legs and
 “ arms.” The Marchioness further re-
 marks, that when the daughter of the
 Duke *d’Albe* was serving the Queen with
 a colation, that she had a pistol hanging
 by her side, fastened with a large knot
 of

of ribbon, “ The King (continues
 “ *Madame de Villars*) never travels fur-
 “ ther than to the *Escorial*, or to *Aran-*
 “ *jues*, and then it costs him an immense
 “ sum of money, though they are not
 “ above seven leagues distant; but the
 “ troop, which are in his train, are the
 “ cause of such an enormous expence,
 “ for there are not less than an hundred
 “ and fifty women, half of whom are
 “ the *Senoras*, old women, who are all
 “ dressed nearly alike. The other
 “ ladies are dressed very magnificently
 “ with hats ornamented with elegant
 “ plumes of feathers, and on their
 “ shoulders they wear *mantilles*, which
 “ are neither like our cloaks, nor
 “ scarfs; they are made of velvet, em-
 “ broidered with gold or silver, some
 “ are green, others of a carnation
 “ colour, they wear them in a very
 “ particular manner, one end passes
 “ under the arm, and the other, over

“ the shoulder, which is exceedingly
 “ graceful. The day that the Queen
 “ went to the Escorial, she wore on her
 “ hat a plume of yellow and black
 “ feathers, but no *mantille*, for it is ab-
 “ solutely determined that the Queens
 “ of Spain must not wear them, though
 “ they were dying with cold. I must
 “ not forget to tell you, that some time
 “ ago, there died one of the ladies be-
 “ longing to the Queen, and they
 “ seemed to take a great deal more
 “ care of her when she was dead, than
 “ when she was sick. She was laid into
 “ a box covered with flag of an orange
 “ colour, bound round with gold lace
 “ which was placed in a chapel in the
 “ palace, amidst a great number of
 “ lighted tapers. The corpse was dressed
 “ in a religious habit, composed of blue
 “ and white cloth. She had on a great
 “ deal of rouge both on her cheeks
 “ and lips, and looked extremely beau-
 “ tiful.

" tiful in that state. The *Garde Major*
 " kept the key of the box, and after-
 " wards opened it to shew the corpse to
 " the Queen's *Major Domo*, to whom
 " she gave up the key. Then the King's
 " Guards carried the box to the door
 " of the chapel, where it was met by
 " some of the *Grandeess* who accompa-
 " nied it to the sepulchre. The *Major*
 " *Domo* arriving at the same time opened
 " the box to shew it to the *Religieux*,
 " which done, it was interred with the
 " usual prayers." *Madame de Villars*
 in another letter describes the river
Mencenores, of which they boast so
 much, and which is nothing but a small
 stream of water, not sufficient to lay
 the dust, but on this very same river
 (as they call it) where there is scarce any
 water, there is a bridge much larger
 and longer than the *Pont Neuf* at Paris,
 built by one of the Kings of Spain,
 which occasioned a piece of pleasantry
 from

from a nobleman, who observing the length and height of the bridge, and the narrow and shallow stream running under it, remarked, that it would be prudent either to sell the bridge, or to purchase a river.



MADAME DE VILLEDIEU.

A Woman of great literary abilities and of a lively turn of wit, but who seems to have unfortunately given herself up to the government of her passions. She was born at Alençon in 1640, her father (*Monsieur des Jardins*) was Provost of the *Maréchaussée* in that town, and her mother, had been waiting woman to the *Duchess de Rohan*. *Mademoiselle des Jardins*, gave early proofs both of her wit, and an inclination for gallantry.—Having formed too tender an intimacy with a cousin of nearly

nearly the same age, and fearing for the disagreeable consequences of that connection, she quitted her father's house and went to Paris, to seek protection of the *Duchess de Rohan*, who kindly compassionating her condition on account of her extreme youth, not only promised to protect her against the wrath of her parents, but provide her with every necessary, till she was able to return home again. Soon after, she was brought to bed of a son, who lived but six weeks,—but choosing rather to remain at *Paris* than go back to *Alencon*, took infinite pains to cultivate her talent for poetry, for which she had already gained some reputation;—whereupon, she put the tragic comedy of *Manlius* (composed by the *Abbè D'Aubignac*) into verse, which was acted at the *hotel de Bourgogne* with great success; after which, she wrote a great number of romances which were also well received.

AMONG

AMONG the number of her admirers, was young *Villedieu*, an officer in the infantry, who obtained the preference above the rest of his rivals; he was elegant in his person and had a captivating address; *Mademoiselle des Jardins* who had already suffered by being drawn into an unfortunate engagement, was determined to yield upon no other, than the most honorable terms, but the lady no sooner hinted at marriage, than there arose a difficulty which she had not the least suspicion of, namely, her lover being *already* married to the daughter of a notary at Paris.—But at length, *Mademoiselle des Jardins* thought of an expedient to render both herself and her lover happy, by persuading *Villedieu* to endeavor if possible to get his marriage set aside, by alledging that he was forced into it contrary to his own inclinations, through the authority of his parents. This advice so coincided with

with the wishes of *Villedieu*, who had been long tired of his wife, that he tried every means in his power to shake off his first chains that he might be at liberty to wear those of *Mademoiselle des Jardins*. But being too impatient to wait the decision of the law, he ordered the banns of marriage to be published, which soon reached the ears of his wife, who employed all her interest to prevent their accomplishing their wishes, for which purpose, she presented a petition to the Queen. In the mean time, *Villedieu* went to Cambray to join his regiment, where he was followed by *Mademoiselle des Jardins*. We are ignorant in what manner they concluded their marriage, but it is certain that some time after, they both came back to Paris and *Mademoiselle des Jardins* appeared under the name of *Villedieu*, but her husband neglecting her for some newer object, she complained both in
verse

verse and prose, and finding her lamentations were of no effect, she was determined to make reprisals, and revenge the wrongs done her by *Villedieu*, who being soon after obliged to join the army, was killed in a skirmish with the enemy.—The death of *Villedieu* gave an opportunity to the pretended widow to pursue her taste for gallantry and literature without any interruption. She composed many pieces, by which she gained great applause, among others, was the tragic comedy, called *Le Favori*, but the death of one of her particular friends had so affected her mind, that she took the resolution of retiring to a convent, for which purpose, she went to *Monsieur de Harlay* Archbishop of Paris, and informed him with her design. The prelate was charmed with her conversion, and put her into a convent where she lived some time, leading an exemplary life, and perhaps would have

have continued so to the last, if it had not been for a brother of one of the nuns, who had been formerly well acquainted with *Madame de Villedieu*, and indiscreetly related to his sister the adventures of that lady,—upon which, the community held a council among themselves, and sent to inform the Archbishop that they did not think her a proper person to be admitted into their holy mansion, whereupon, she was dismissed the convent and found an asylum in the house of her sister-in-law *Madame de St. Roman*. But in a very short time, all her pious resolutions gave way to her natural love of pleasure and gallantry. Among other persons of distinction who visited her sister, was the *Marquis de la Chatte*, about sixty years of age,—this old gentleman whose life had been nothing but a continual scene of dissipation and trifling, was soon entangled by the charms and coquetry of *Madame de*

Vol. II. D *Villedieu,*

Villedieu, and obtained her consent to a matrimonial union, forgetting, that he too was already married to another woman, but who had happily for him, retired into *Provence*. *Madame de Villedieu* was not ignorant of the Marquis's history; but looking upon herself destined to marry *married men*, she sought only how to avoid the same kind of difficulties she had experienced in a similar case, and therefore judged it proper to go about a dozen leagues from the capital where she soon found a curate who joined their hands. Some time after, the married pair returned again to Paris, when the *Marchioness* was brought to bed of a son, to whom *Monsieur* the Dauphin and *Mademoiselle de Montpensier* stood sponsors, the child lived but a year, and its death was soon followed by that of the Marquis.—The widow appeared inconsolable, her grief however, was but of short duration,

tion, but what is most extraordinary, she even quitted the name of *de la Chatte*, for that of *Villedieu*. After some time being spent in literary studies she retired to *Clinchmore*, a little village in which her mother had lived, after the death of her husband; and there it was, that *Madame de Villedieu* terminated her days sooner perhaps than nature intended, by drinking large quantities of *Eau de vie* (brandy) even at her meals; she died in 1683, at the age of forty three.—One of the first productions of this singular woman, is a romance, or rather a collection of many together, intituled *Les Dèfordres de L'amour*. In which she describes love, as the spring and source of all the other passions. “ There is no action, (says she,) so “ desperate, rash, or unreasonable, that “ love is not capable of exposing a “ man to, who suffers himself to be absorbed by that passion.” *Le Portrait*

des Foibleſſes Humaines, is another of her productions, but this work does not coincide with what might have been reaſonably expected from the title. Her tragedy of *Manlius* however, certainly merits the applauſe it has deſervedly met with; in many parts of it, ſhe has diſcovered uncommon feeling, and delicacy of ſentiment. We cannot reſiſt giving a few lines by way of ſpecimen of her poetical genius, but previously thereto, it is neceſſary to give ſome idea of the ſubject. *Manlius* a young Roman, takes an immediate occaſion upon the death of the general of the army in which he ſerved, to give battle to the enemy, contrary to the orders of the Senate, and gained a compleat victory. At Rome, ſuch an act of diſobedience ſeldom eſcaped being puniſhed with death;—nevertheleſs, the young *Manlius* covered with glory comes back to the camp of his father *Torquatus*, who
in

in quality of Consul, commanded another part of the army, and had taken the princess *Omphale* captive, with whose transcendent beauty he was greatly charmed, but who was beloved also by his son. *Torquatus* on discovering that *Manlius* was his rival, in spite of the ties of nature, had the cruelty to condemn him to death, for having engaged in battle without permission. *Manlius* is then brought to the place of execution and delivered up by the soldiers. In the following soliloquy, *Torquatus* addresses himself to virtue, to the laws, to the senate, and to the Romans;

Dois-je vous immoler un fils couvert de gloire

Et lui donner la mort pour prix d'une victoire ?

Mais pourquoi balancer une mort résolue ?

La perte de mon fils n'est-elle pas conclue ?

L'amour plus que les loix a signé son arrêt ?

Et je dois son trépas à son propre intérêt.

Omphale me méprise, l'ingrate l'adore ;

C'est mon rival, on l'aime, & je consulte encore !

Je tremble, je frémis, ah ! c'est trop combattu :

La nature vous cède, amour, sénat, vertu.
 Ne me résistez plus, importune tendresse;
 Vous avez contre vous, & Rome & la princesse;
 Cédez à mon amour, cedez à mon devoir.

MADAME *de Villegieu* relates a little adventure, in which she was a party, not destitute of humour. Among those who accompanied us (says she) in the *Coche d' eau*, was a gentleman who had the air of a man of quality, he was only attended by one servant. He sat by chance very near me; we entered into conversation, and speaking of some of the towns in Languedoc, he imprudently said, that the ladies of Montpellier were far from being *cruel*. This was said in the hearing of a man, who it seems lived in that town, and who had a very pretty wife, of whom he was outrageously jealous; he immediately took fire, and demanded hastily whether he had ever experienced any peculiar marks of favor from the ladies of Montpellier

pellier, or whether he only spoke from report? The other coolly replied, that he spoke from experience, having spent a winter there among them, and moreover had been so happy as to have been connected with one of the most considerable, as well as the most gallant ladies there, from whom he was made acquainted with the intrigues of many others. The jealous husband, with much seeming perturbation, asked whether he might be permitted the liberty of asking the lady's name? I am not certain says *Madame de Villedieu* whether or know he knew him and had a mind to punish his jealousy, or whether it was by mere chance, but he named to him his wife——You are mistaken Sir, replied the husband in an angry tone of voice, she is not the sort of woman that you mention, you have certainly taken some other woman for her.——This dispute, continues *Madame*

dame de Villedieu, roused my curiosity, I was therefore willing to push it a little further, and rather maliciously asked the boasting traveller, what sort of a woman the lady was in question? if she was tall, *brunette*, or fair? to which he answered, that if her neck had been a little plumper she would have been a most charming figure; for (continued he) she has fine eyes, her mouth rather large, teeth exquisitely white and even, and a most delicate complexion, which is set off by the finest dark hair, and to add to those bewitching charms, she had a fine voice and sung incomparably.——It would have been impossible, says *Madame de Villedieu* for you to have refrained from laughing, if you had but beheld the poor mortified husband, while he listened attentively to hear his wifes' portrait described, he changed colour two or three times, and turning towards some of his friends who were near him, said

said rather louder perhaps than he intended, *why this is my wife he speaks of, his description answers in every tittle.*—She is exceedingly fond of dancing too, continues the other, she has often balls at her own house, and I know of five or six which were very brilliant, made in compliment to her by one (mentioning his name) who was very much enamoured with her. Nay (says the husband to his friend) this account bears not the least resemblance, for I am sure the man he speaks of, never was at my house, it is true, *I* was at Paris when *he* was at Montpellier, but I was faithfully informed by one I could confide in, of every circumstance which happened in my absence, and I now plainly perceive, he has taken some body else for my wife.—She has a very snug pretty house in the country (continues the traveller) where she spends most of the summer, it was there I first saw her.—Many
 strangers

strangers are very desirous of seeing that pretty retreat, as it surpasses every thing of the kind in the province; among other curious things, there is a cabinet filled with the most rare antiquities that can possibly be seen. Ah! that bears *too near* a resemblance indeed, (cries the tortured husband overcome with despair) without doubt, she is the coquette of which he speaks.—Upon this, we all set up such a loud laugh, that the poor man was so much disconcerted, that he retired to the other end of the boat, to form I imagine, some terrible resolution, but he was not suffered to indulge his ideas of revenge long, for the gentleman who had thus tormented him, went up to him and most solemnly protested, that what he had said was merely by way of water conversation, where there is a sort of liberty allowed, that would not be pardonable on shore.

MARCHIONESS

MARCHIONESS DE LAMBERT.

THIS illustrious lady was the only daughter of *Monsieur de Marguenat de Couraelles*, who died when she was but three years of age, but the happy talents which nature had so liberally bestowed on her, was abundantly seconded by a most excellent education. Her mother married the celebrated *Monsieur Bachaumont*, a man of great learning, who perceiving the genius of his daughter-in-law, took infinite pains to cultivate it, by which means, she soon acquired the habit of thinking deeply.— Her style of writing is noble, pure, and elegant, adorned with all the graces of the French language, and though she may have a few equals, she had no superior in a delicate and sentimental manner of expressing her thoughts. In February 1666, she married Henry de
Lambert

Lambert Marquis de Saint Bris, who died a Lieutenant General, leaving her a son and daughter, whom she educated with the utmost care: Her house was considered a kind of academy, where persons of the first genius assembled. Her works which are in the highest esteem are, *Avis d'une mere à son fils*, (*Advice of a mother to her son*) and *Avis d'une mere à sa fille*, and another to her daughter; both which, are wrote in an elevated style, and abound with solid sense. She died at Paris the twelfth of July, 1733, in the eighty-sixth year of her age, highly regretted by men of letters, and infinitely beloved by all ranks and orders of people. The advice of *Madame de Lambert* to her children, are not the rigid lessons of a precise parent, but the gentle precepts of an affectionate friend. How just and noble are her sentiments with which she expresses herself when speaking to her son of military glory!

“ Some

“ Some (says she) make fortune alone
 “ their object; others are ambitious of
 “ immortalizing their name. Those who
 “ have no wish beyond that of acquir-
 “ ing riches, are men, who for the
 “ most part possess but limited ideas.
 “ He who aspires not to possess a great
 “ name, can never be capable of great
 “ actions.—Those who have not fame
 “ for their spur, suffer all the trouble,
 “ fatigue and vexations that attend their
 “ profession, without reaping the honor
 “ or recompense. Nothing is more pre-
 “ judicial to a young man, than that
 “ kind of modesty which makes him
 “ think himself incapable of great ac-
 “ tions. Some one said to young A-
 “ gesilas, that the King of Persia was a
 “ great King: *Why, (answered he) will*
 “ *he be greater than me when I shall have*
 “ *my sword by my side?*”

Madame de Lambert relates a remark-
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able anecdote of her husband's father.
 " I often regret (said she to her son)
 " the never having had the satisfaction
 " of seeing your grand-father, a man
 " remarkable for his bravery, his dis-
 " cretion, and military skill.—At the
 " siege of *Gravelines*, the Marshals *de*
 " *Gassion*, and *de le Meilleraye* who com-
 " manded, had a violent quarrel, their
 " dispute even caused divisions in the
 " army, and both parties were just at
 " the point of finishing the contest by
 " the sword. Meanwhile, the Marquis
 " *de Lambert*, (who was then only Field
 " Marshal) full of the highest confi-
 " dence, and zeal for the public wel-
 " fare, ordered the troops in the King's
 " name to pause, and forbade them ac-
 " knowledging those generals as their
 " chiefs. The troops immediately o-
 " beyed him; and the two Marshals
 " were obliged to retire. The King
 " highly applauded the action, and ne-
 " ver

“ ver spoke of it, without bestowing
 “ many encomiums on the bravery,
 “ and discretion of the Marquis *de*
 “ *Lambert.*”

AMONG many admirable observations
 and remarks, she says: “ There are
 “ two periods of our life, wherein
 “ truth makes known to us its utility—
 “ in youth, to instruct us, in old age,
 “ to console us. At the time that our
 “ passions are prevalent, truth forsakes
 “ us. Nothing can yield such perfect
 “ satisfaction to a susceptible mind, as
 “ the being attached to others of equal
 “ sensibility. Remember, my son to
 “ conduct yourself with that honor, ge-
 “ nerosity, and humanity as to make
 “ others desirous of your friendship, a
 “ man cannot be amiable who is in-
 “ capable of friendship, but be discreet
 “ and circumspect in your choice of
 “ a friend.

" THERE are many sorts of greatness
 " which demand as many kinds of
 " homage.—That which is real and
 " personal, ought to be held in the
 " *first* estimation.—To those who are
 " elevated, and hold places of dignity
 " and honor, great respect is certainly
 " due, but then it is exterior respect
 " only.—Sentiment, and merit, require
 " both esteem as well as respect. But
 " when virtue, talents, fortune, and ho-
 " nors, have exalted a man, his influ-
 " ence becomes doubly great, there-
 " fore the respect, esteem, and submis-
 " sion due to him, ought to be in pro-
 " portion.—You will find it difficult
 " to know how to live well, with com-
 " petitors for fame. It is of use to
 " make others fear you, but be above
 " revenge, none but little minds are
 " cruel, men who are truly great, are
 " ever remarkable for their clemency
 " and humanity.

" LET

“LET nothing tempt you to drink
“beyond the bounds of moderation,
“nothing can be more scandalous or
“shameful, than, for a man to be so
“overcome with wine, as to lose that
“reason, which ought to be his guide.”

Madame de Lambert's advice to her daughter is equally to be admired. She thought very differently from the generality of mothers, who looked upon it as a crime, to allow their daughters the least innocent liberties, keeping them under perpetual constraint, either at home, or in a cloyster. "Ignorance and solitude (says she) is of a more dangerous tendency to young minds, than the knowledge of the world and partaking of its pleasures." She chose to instruct her daughter in the knowledge of the world, as the surest method to prevent her from falling a prey to the artifices of mankind, and by per-

E 3 mitting

mitting her to read a variety of authors,
 she acquired a liberal way of thinking.
 But above all, she strenuously endeavored
 to implant in her mind a love
 for piety and virtue. “ An ancient
 “ sage once said, that he wrapped him-
 “ self up in the mantle of his virtue,
 “ then (says *Madame de Lambert* to her
 “ daughter) wrap yourself up, in the
 “ mantle of your religion.—You will
 “ find it most assuredly, the greatest
 “ succour against the weakness and
 “ foibles of youth, and in old age, a
 “ comfortable and secure sanctuary.—
 “ The pleasures, the riches, and ho-
 “ nors of the world, are so many al-
 “ lurements to deceive and delude the
 “ senses; they promise much more
 “ than they give;—they fill the mind
 “ with inquietude, and vexation in the
 “ pursuit of them, and satisfy us but
 “ little in the possession, and in the loss
 “ of them, we suffer the utmost anxiety,
 “ grief

"grief and despair."—*The most desirable object in pursuit, becomes carrion by the time it is hunted down.*

HER thoughts on friendship are sublime and delicate, of which she paints the advantages, the charms, and the duties annexed to it, in a manner which plainly shews (says Voltaire) that she deserved to have friends.

"FRIENDSHIP and love (says *Madame de Lambert*) have the same origin, the same sentiments, the same susceptibility, and generosity, and hold the same dominion over the heart; but still, with what difference do they act! Love is a turbulent passion, and friendship is sentimental, tranquil, steady, and regular. Love fills the soul with an extatical delight, which intoxicates the senses, leads reason astray, and is almost always followed

" followed with violent chagrin. The
 " other, is a placid joy accompanied
 " with reason, neither subject to change
 " or disgust, but is a continual nourish-
 " ment and cordial to the soul. In a
 " virtuous friendship is to be found that
 " sweet consolation and relief, which
 " softens and alleviates the inquietudes
 " to which the human heart is subject.
 " But friendship, to be perfect, each
 " party must possess an honest heart,
 " an elevated mind, pure and disinte-
 " rested, with a fund of sensibility,
 " which is the true source of all the
 " comforts and pleasures of friendship.
 " Such ties of affection and tenderness,
 " cannot possibly exist with the ambi-
 " tious, the proud, nor between very
 " young people, or with those of frivo-
 " lous and trifling minds. Friendship
 " between women, is for the most part,
 " neither sincere, nor lasting. Rivalry
 " and jealousy soon poisons the mind,
 " and

“ and extinguishes every sentiment of
 “ honor, and even the feelings of hu-
 “ manity. But a woman capable of
 “ solid friendship with a man, (where
 “ virtue, not pleasure is the first object)
 “ unites with it all the charms and vi-
 “ vacuity of love, and is more perfect,
 “ than that which exists between those
 “ of the same sex. In short, there can
 “ be no sentimental connection, but
 “ with those who act upon the highest
 “ principles of virtue and honor, and
 “ are thoroughly convinced how little
 “ value ought to be put on all human
 “ affairs.”

HER reflections are equally wise and
 just, where she points out those maxims
 to be observed, to render friendship
 solid, and to prevent the shame and
 disgrace which must ever attend a rup-
 ture between friends. “ Do not ima-
 “ gine that after the breaking off of
 “ friendship,

“ friendship, there are no more duties
 “ to fulfill : There are duties still more
 “ difficult, wherein honor alone, must
 “ support you. There is something so
 “ sacred in the tie of friendship, that
 “ a breach of it, ought never to be
 “ made public to the world, unless you
 “ find it absolutely necessary to your
 “ own justification, and even then, be
 “ delicate in over charging an unfaith-
 “ ful friend. It is injudicious to make
 “ it a subject of public conversation,
 “ where people will speak of it with
 “ neither candour or truth, but accord-
 “ ing to their wishes and prejudices,
 “ so that from ignorance, or what is
 “ more likely, natural malignity, every
 “ circumstance attending it, will be
 “ exaggerated and blackened, or falsely
 “ represented. The generality of the
 “ world imagine, that the duties in-
 “ cumbent on friendship, go not be-
 “ yond the tomb, and that they have
 “ fulfilled

“ fulfilled the last obligation when they
 “ have assisted to deposit their departed
 “ friend within the bosom of the earth.
 “ Indeed there are but very few, even
 “ capable of true and inviolable friend-
 “ ship to the living, much less to the
 “ dead.—In a grateful and susceptible
 “ mind, tears must ever flow when me-
 “ ditating on past friendship—but tears
 “ are not the only tribute we have to pay
 “ to those, who were once dear to us.
 “ They ought to live in our hearts, in
 “ our remembrance, in reflecting on
 “ every action, or circumstance which
 “ had arisen from fidelity and unfeign-
 “ ed regard. They ought to live in
 “ our lips by perpetually giving them
 “ the praise which is their due—and
 “ in our conduct by imitating their vir-
 “ tues.”

Madame de Lambert's sentiments re-
 specting old age, are admirably well
 drawn,

drawn, in which, she lays down rules for the conduct of women who arrive at a certain age; addressed to her daughter. “ Mankind in general (says “ she) feel fearful of the approaches “ of old age. There are but few who “ do not behold it in the most unfavorable light, and many, with a degree of horror, as if they were to “ be deprived of every sensation of “ comfort or pleasure, and become “ only the subjects of chagrin and melancholy: This idea more particularly possesses the minds of women, “ than of men, as in general, their “ chief merit consists in *exterior* charms, “ which when decayed, they find themselves absolutely wretched, and this “ is the case with most women, as there “ are but very few whose merit outlive their beauty.—Those women “ who have devoted their time to gallantry and pleasure, or in the pursuit

“ fruit of fashionable follies, are still
 “ worse off, as they have nothing left
 “ to console them, when they cease to
 “ be regarded, by the men, for whom
 “ they made a sacrifice of every so-
 “ cial virtue, and find themselves be-
 “ come the objects of contempt and
 “ neglect, when their *personal* attrac-
 “ tions are departed.” This must ever
 be the case, where women lay so
 great a stress on their personal charms,
 as to make them neglect the acquiring
 those virtues, and mental qualifications,
 which are alone capable of insuring
 them the esteem of such men, who
 were first captivated with their exterior
 beauty, and likewise insure them re-
 spect and regard from the discerning
 part of mankind. “ In short, (says
 “ *Madame de Lambert*) there is a crisis
 “ in the lives of women, wherein their
 “ actions, their general conduct, and
 “ their choice of friends, contribute
 Vol. II. F “ to

“ to lay the foundation and establish a
 “ reputation, on which, depends either
 “ the total repose, or misery of their
 “ lives. Among the many advantages which accrue in old age, is liberty, for we then begin to throw off the yoke of prejudice and false opinions, being freed from those passions which misguide youth, and reason takes its place ; it is then, only, we begin to live, when reason takes possession of our hearts.”

We may venture to say, that the above extracts, however faintly copied from the originals, will convince the judicious reader, that the *Marchioness de Lambert* was a woman, who merited that love, she has so ably delineated, and that friendship which her virtue, benevolence, and superior understanding gave her so just a claim to.

M A D A M

M A D A M G U Y O N.

IF we are to credit the panegyrist of this celebrated and pious lady, we should be led to consider her as one who had been inspired like the Evangelists and the Apostles.—Tho' we will not deny, but that she might have been inspired with pious sentiments and true devotion, yet, it cannot be pretended she possessed much poetic genius, for her verses in general are but very indifferent. She composed four large volumes however, chiefly in verse, which treat on religious subjects, but her writings in prose were by many much esteemed. This lady was born at *Montargis* in 1648, of illustrious parents. She was married at the age of eighteen, and was left a widow in less than four years. She then came to Paris, where she was taken great notice of by persons of the very first condition, among

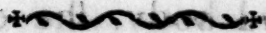
whom, was Monsieur *D'Aranthon*, bishop of Geneva. That worthy prelate engaged *Madam Guyon* to live in his diocese, and assist him in establishing a community at *Gex*, for which purpose, she took a number of devout persons along with her, with a view of converting the Protestants, of which a great number inhabited those parts. She set out on that expedition in 1681, giving up all her wealth (which was very considerable) to her children, only reserving to herself, a very moderate pension.——Soon after her arrival at *Gex*, she was made superior of the new community, but not finding the rules which were laid down by the Bishop quite agreeable to her own opinion, she retired to the *Ursulines de Thonon*, from thence to *Turin*, then to *Grenoble*, and afterwards to *Vercell*. During her stay at those places she composed, *Le Moyen Court & Très-facile de Faire Oraison*, and
another

another book intituled, *Le Cantique des Cantiques de Solomon, interprète Selon le sens Mystique*. These two compositions however brought her into disgrace, for coming to Paris for medical advice, she was confined in a convent by order of the King; but some time after, through the sollicitation of *Madam de Miramion* the superior, and other religious persons belonging to the monastery, who gave testimonies of her piety and virtue, she was set at liberty.—The greatest friendship subsisted between her and the celebrated *Monsieur de Fenelon*, the *Dukes de Chevreuse, de Beauvilliers*, and the *Duchess de Bethune*. But in spite of these powerful connections, she still suffered many persecutions from those among the Ecclesiastics, who differed from her in point of religious opinions. This determined her to give up her writings to *Monsieur Bossuet*, and submit them to his judgment. That worthy

and able prelate, examined them for many months with the utmost care, along with *Monsieur de Fenelon*, *Monsieur de Noailles*, and *Monsieur Tronson*. He drew up thirty articles which he believed would prove sufficient to shelter the opinion of *Madam Guyon* from censure, and *Monsieur de Fenelon* added four others: these thirty-four articles were signed at *Iffly*, after having undergone a very strict examination: But even that, proved insufficient to entirely quell the storm which had been raised with so much violence against her, for we find her afterwards confined for some time in the *bastille*, from whence, being released, she retired to *Blois*, where she led an exemplary life; and though we cannot say whether she or her persecutors were right as to matters of faith, we will venture to say, they were wrong as to matters of persecution. This good woman died at *Blois* the 9th of June

1717,

1717, at the age of fixty-nine.—We cannot help lamenting, that the profefors of the christian religion which breathes nothing but meeknefs, charity, and univerfal benevolence, fhould have been fo perverted as to have become a fcourge in the hands of fuch catholic Ecclefiaftics who have not fenfe to perceive, nor candour to allow, that good christians muft be acceptable to God, however they may differ in particular points of faith, not confidering, that faith is not in our own power, but to be juft, and merciful, is in every man's power.



M A D A M E D E S A L I E Z.

BORN at Alby in Provence, where ſhe married a magiſtrate of that city, who ſoon after, left her a young widow. She was a woman of excellent underſtanding,

understanding, and having a passion to improve and cultivate it, she established in the town of her nativity, an agreeable society, under the name of the *Société des Chevalieres de la Bonne Foi*, on which she wrote the following lines.

Une amitié tendre & sincere,
Plus douce mille fois que l'amoureuse loi,
Doit être le lien, l'aimable caractère
Des Chevaliers de bonne foi.

An establishment which made her soon so universally known, and admired, that the academy of Padua sent her letters patent, appointing her one of their members. In her letter of thanks, to that learned body, she discovers an uncommon degree of sollicitation for the honor of her own sex, and endeavors to explode the idea, that women, have not in common, the gifts of nature, equal with men; flatters highly the King (Lewis the XIV) for rewarding merit,

merit, without regard to sex, and insists upon it, that in future, no such illiberal sentiments are propagated. At the same time, she laments the want of that elegance of style in her own compositions which some of her contemporaries, and other female writers possessed—but attributes it, to a Provincial education, and being deprived of the conversation of the *beaux esprits* of the court, and the capital, where alone, (she says) the flowers of language and elegant turns of expression are to be gathered, and it is evident, from all her writings, that they turned upon one grand pivot, that of establishing the reputation and abilities of her own sex, and to shew, that it was the usurpation of man, not the will of God, that women were not considered in every respect (bodily strength excepted) their equals.—But with all due deference to this celebrated lady's opinion, we cannot help suspecting, that she

she is somewhat mistaken, for though it cannot be denied that women in point of vivacity, wit, and sprightliness of thought, often surpass men, yet they have not in general, if at all, that plain solid sense, which men of the first understanding always possess. We see throughout all the creation, a superior external beauty, given by the CREATOR of all things, to the male, even, from man, down to beast, bird, tree, and flower.—Why not then, a superior understanding? beside, the female was probably designed to be endowed with a more lively and chearful disposition than man (a great superiority indeed) in order to solace and awaken him from those deeper studies, which are perhaps beyond the reach of female capacities; for where is the woman who could ascend, like NEWTON into the heavens, and take so near a view of God's works, as to define light? or where is the woman

man who like a BACON, could dive into the bowels of the earth, and explore all nature? we see women, indeed, who can write so as to entertain in an high degree, more so perhaps, than men, and for the very reason assigned above, but if we were to form our judgment of *learned women*, or the female wits, from what we sometimes meet with in our own country, women ought to dread lying under the imputation of being wits, or fine writers; for my own part, I confess my eyes have been of late years so offended with the affected dress, the impertinent airs, and the simple to (to say no more) actions of *one* of our most celebrated female writers, that it is with some compunction, I venture to become, even an Editor.—In all bodies of people, the wisest sex *should* govern; and we see that man governs in all nations under the sun, not only from superior strength, but from possessing more solid judgment. “ My

“ My author and disposer, (said Eve)
 “ what thou bidst, unargued I obey;
 “ so God ordains, God is thy law, thou
 mine; to know no more is womans’
 happiest knowledge, and her praise.”

Madame de *Saliez* had also formed a
 project of establishing a new sect of fe-
 male philosophers; speaking of which
 (in a letter to the Marchioness *de Mont-*
pelliat) she says, “ The end of this
 “ sect, is to live commodiously, and to
 “ determine all reasonable women to
 “ shake off that yoke of constraint,
 “ which error, or custom have esta-
 “ blished in the world. But it will be
 “ necessary first to consider of some
 “ rules, and such as we ought strictly
 “ to adhere to, but the choice of them
 “ Madam must be left to your wis-
 “ dom and discretion; I shall only ob-
 “ serve, that there ought to be esta-
 “ blished, good and solid maxims, and
 “ none

“ none to be admitted without first
 “ examining, with the greatest care,
 “ their mental qualifications, for there
 “ is an infinite deal of difference, be-
 “ tween those who possess true and
 “ solid sense, and those of a sparkling
 “ wit, and superficial understanding.
 “ We must therefore reject those who
 “ love to speak of their *birth, connections,*
 “ or *bravery*, or in any sort commend
 “ themselves. We must exclude all
 “ prudes, coquettes, and even those
 “ who think they are entitled to rail
 “ against their own sex, and who are
 “ perpetually giving lessons of modesty,
 “ reservedness, circumspection, &c. as
 “ well as those who are fond of talking
 “ about dress, and fashions, and who
 “ pique themselves on their skill in
 “ placing an egret to advantage; but
 “ above all, such who think they are
 “ sufficiently pious and good, so they
 “ do not neglect going to church, but
 Vol. II. G “ who

“ who reading books of devotion only,
 “ are absolutely against reading the
 “ most agreeable authors, however
 “ chaste, if they do not treat on reli-
 “ gious subjects.—I think, Madam,
 “ it will be right likewise, to banish
 “ love from such a society, least it may
 “ trouble our repose, and substitute in
 “ its place, friendship, cordiality, po-
 “ liteness, good-humour, and respect
 “ towards each other, such respect I
 “ mean, which arises from esteem, not
 “ from any consideration of superior
 “ birth, fortune, &c. for every one
 “ must have the liberty of speaking
 “ their own sentiments, without reserve,
 “ and offer their opinion, without the
 “ least fear of giving offence to others
 “ who may differ from them.” These,
 and many other rules, equally rational,
 are laid down by Madame de *Saliez*
 which would be of infinite service to
 society in general, if they could be
 once

once introduced and relished by some of *our* fashionable ladies, as it might be the means of bringing wisdom and virtue into repute.

The above extracts, will sufficiently shew the turn of mind this celebrated lady possessed, for though she wrote on a great variety of subjects both in prose and verse, the honor of her sex, and the placing them on pedestals of equal height and magnitude with men, seemed to be the grand hinge on which most of her writings turned. She lived to a great age, highly esteemed and honored, and died in 1730 at Alby, the place of her nativity.

MADEMOISELLE DE RAZILLI.

WAS descended from the noble and ancient family of *Tourainè*.

She was celebrated for her poetical talents, her compositions were greatly esteemed for the elegance of their style, and delicacy of sentiment, among which, were *Un Placet au Roi*, and *Des Stances à Monsieur le Duc de Noailles*. Le Placet (or petition) is preceded by a request in prose, in which she makes known to the King, the melancholy situation to which she was reduced, as her family had left her but a small portion to subsist on.—The Duke *de Noailles* (who was her relation) presented it to the King, who immediately gave her a pension of two thousand livres. This favor engaged her more than once to sing the glorious conquests of that prince. She died at Paris in 1704, at the age of eighty-three, they gave her the name of *Calliope*, because she treated only upon heroic subjects.

THE following specimen will give an
idea

idea of her talents ; it is a sonnet which she composed on the taking of Luxembourg, and was at that time greatly admired.

Quel éclatant retour, quelle heureuse journée
 Ramene triomphant l'invincible Louis !
 L'Europe retentit de ses faits inouis
 Et craint de succomber dessous sa destinée.
 Luxembourg si long-tems à sa perte obstinée,
 Vient de subir le joug de l'empire des lis ;
 Et gênes, dans ses murs par le feu démolis,
 Voit contre un tel courroux sa puissance bornée.
 Rome ne vit jamais un plus pompeux retour :
 Une double victoire embellit ce grand jour ;
 Mais sur-tout le vainqueur charme par sa présence :
 Il plaît même aux vaincus qu'il a mis sous ses loix ;
 Et les peuples conquis desent tous d'une voix,
 Que si l'on craint son bras, l'on aime sa clémence.



MADemoiselle CHÉRON.

THIS justly admired and ingenious lady was born at Paris in 1648, she was the daughter of Henry Chéron,

an eminent painter in enamel, in which art he instructed his daughter. But her genius and talents were not limited to painting alone, she had a turn likewise for the sister arts, poetry and music. Many of her poems met with great applause, particularly one, intitled, *Les Cerises Renversées*, for which she was honored by the academy *Des Ricovrati* 1699, under the name of LA MUSE ERATO. She likewise translated a Latin ode, written by the *Abbé Boutard*, which contains an elegant description of *Triannon*; she studied Hebrew, that she might better understand the psalms, and canticles, a translation of which she afterwards published in French verse. She excelled in music, both vocal and instrumental, few equalled her, and none surpassed her in the number of her accomplishments, and the talents she possessed. She was respected and esteemed by all lovers of literature, and the polite arts,

arts, and was honored with the notice of persons of the very first condition. Lewis the XIV, who NEVER suffered merit to go UNREWARDED, gave her a pension of five hundred livres. It is difficult to decide in which *Mlle. de Chéron* excelled most, poetry or painting. The *Abbè Bosquillon* composed four verses, which were put at the bottom of her portrait:

De deux talens exquis l'assemblage nouveau,
Rendra toujours Chéron l'ornement de la France ;
Rien ne peut de sa plume égaler l'excellence,
Que les graces de son pinceau.

THE celebrated *le Brun*, procured her the singular honor of being admitted a member in the royal academy of painting and sculpture. Her historical pieces are a flight into Egypt; *Cassandre* interrogating a familiar on the destiny of Troy; *JESUS* in a sepulchre; and a large portrait of *Monsieur de*

de Perefixe, Archbishop of Paris, which is placed in the school *Des Jacobins de Paris, Rue St. Jacques*, and the only portrait which has been painted of *Mad. des Houliers*, is the production of *Mlle. de Chéron*. But the most surprising part of this lady's history is, that at the age of sixty, she married *Monsieur le Hay*, the king's engineer, who was about the same age. The only end of this *philosophical* marriage, it seems, was to raise the fortune of *Le Hay*, for whom *Mlle. de Chéron* had conceived the highest esteem, and to make more permanent, a friendship which had subsisted for a great number of years. After the marriage ceremony was over, she was heard to say as they were going out of church, " nous voilà donc mariés, Monsieur, à la
 " bonne heure: l'estime séparée de l'amour
 " ne nous en demand pas davantage." She died at Paris in 1711, at the age of sixty-three,

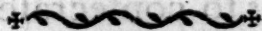
sixty-three, and was interred in the church of *St. Sulpice*.

WE will not omit the names of *Camus*, *Chevry*, *Puismirol*, *Ricart* and *Ramiez*, tho' their writings were not held in much estimation. Madame *Chevry* indeed made herself known by a poem addressed to Lewis XIV, full of the most extravagant praises of that monarch. But it was the *ton* of that age, for the French muses to consecrate their talents to the most extravagant flattery.

Monfieur *Vertron* who was well acquainted with all the celebrated women of his time, and had collected most of their writings, bestows the greatest encomiums on the Countess de *Saint Heleine*, known by the name of *La Charmante Mlle. de Longuevue*, who he says not only spoke with peculiar eloquence, but was equally admired for the elegant style

style in which she wrote.—*Mlle. Roland* was also greatly admired for the beauty of her person, and for the many excellent talents she possessed, which may be seen by the following lines which were addressed to her.

Par une douce voix, & par un teint de roses,
 Enchanter tous les cœurs, gagner de prix en vers,
 Sans peine & sans orgueil parler de toutes choses,
 C'est être un ornement de ce vaste univers.



THERE is very little worth mentioning either in the lives or writings of the ladies, whose names are as follows. *Serment, Dourlens, Bretonvillers, Armancai, Plat-Buiffon, Roquemontrouffe,* and *Mazel*, whose only production worth notice seems to be *Le Siège de Mons*, composed for Lewis XIVth, in which she entreats the King to moderate that ardour which exposes him to so many dangers;

dangers; and finishes by the two following verses.

Ne vous suffit-il pas que votre ennemi tremble,
Sans faire trembler vos sujets?

THOSE of *De la Charce, Sibut, the Countess de St. Mayolle, St. André, Sauvage, Comeige, Castille, Boissangers, Dorieux, and Feuillet*, do not in the least interest us in their favor. *Mlle. de St. QUENTIN*, composed a treatise, intitled *Sur la Possibilité de l'immortalité Corporelle*, with an answer to the objections which had been made against it. She wrote upon that subject with so much judgment and good sense, and argued so deeply, that *Monsieur de Vertron* complimented her with the following lines.

Qui cherche en tout la vérité,
Qui raisonne si bien & des corps & des ames,
D'un commun jugement des hommes & des femmes
Mérite l'immortalité.

IN

IN a collection intituled *Le Triomphe de la Violette*, by *Monfieur Robert Touffain* of *Touloufe*, there are fome pieces of poetry by *Mlle. de Verdier* which have met with fome applaufe.

Mademoifelle Duprè was a lady of diftinguifhed merit, and was well-versed in the Latin and Italian languages, as likewise in DESCARTES philosophy, ſhe was an elegant writer both in verſe and proſe, and ſeems to have been deſerving of the compliment which *Vertron* made her in the following lines.

Avec mille talens DUPRÈ n'a point d'orgueil,
Son eſprit eſt charmant ſa ſcience eſt profonde:
Et ſa ſageſſe enfin lui fait voir d'un meme œil
Ce qui fait le repos, ou le trouble du monde.

Madame Valiere, miſtreſs to Lewis the XIVth, afterwards a carmelite at Paris, compoſed ſome religious pieces, among
which

which are *Des Réflexions sur la Misericorde de Dieu.*

Mademoiselle Scudéri (sister in law to that lady who has been so highly celebrated) wrote many letters which have been much admired, and which are printed in the same collection with those of the Count *de Buffy Rabutin.*



MADAME DE SAINT MARTIN.

WE are not able to trace any thing concerning the birth or memoirs of this lady, who seems to have written with a great deal of sensibility. She began a romance which was never finished, dedicated to the Dauphiness. It consists chiefly of some adventures, which happened at the court of Lewis XIV. in which there are several very

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great personages introduced under fictitious names.

SPEAKING of the passion of love, *Madame de Saint Martin* expresses her sentiments as follows. Tho' we cannot attempt to describe them with that delicacy which we find in the original, yet it may serve to give some idea of that lady's literary talents.

“ IT depends not upon us, *who* we
 “ ought to love, 'tis to the HEART a-
 “ lone, the right of choice belongs, and
 “ that is a prerogative, the tyrant LOVE
 “ will never give up. LOVE is jea-
 “ lous of those laws which REASON
 “ would impose. To shew his power
 “ and that he acts without controul,
 “ mankind are often made the sport of
 “ his caprice, wherein REASON is
 “ not permitted to bear a part.”

WE

WE cannot help being struck at the great resemblance there is between the above citation, and the following verses of *Rousseau*, which were written a long time after that of *Madame Saint Martin's* had appeared; one could almost have thought that *Rousseau* had been guilty of plagiarism, allowing for the difference of verse and prose.

Ce n'est point par effort qu'on aime;
 L'amour est jaloux de ses droits;
 Il ne dépend que lui-même;
 On ne l'obtient que par son choix;
 Tout reconnoît sa loi suprême,
 Lui seul ne connoît point de loi.

Madame Saint Martin's following observation we fear is but too just a one.

“ PITY is a quality which is but seldom
 “ found in princes; for as they are in
 “ general, strangers to those troubles
 “ and vexations which daily afflict
 “ mankind, it is almost impossible they

“ should feel for others, or be sensi-
 “ ble to the recital of grievances and
 “ sufferings which to them, are so ut-
 “ terly unknown.”



MADemoiselle Descartes.

THERE is no woman in France, whose name stands higher in the annals of literature, than that of Catherine *Descartes*, neice to that great philosopher *Descartes*, whose name has been as much revered in France, as the names of NEWTON and BACON are with us. The writings of *Mlle. Descartes* were greatly admired; but her *Chef-d'œuvre* seems to have been two compositions, one intituled, *La Relation de la Mort de Descartes*, part written in verse, and part in prose;—The other, *L'Ombre de Descartes*. The first of these, does her the highest honor, as in that performance, she

she has raised a lasting monument to her uncle's fame. We lament that we are not able to learn the time of this lady's birth or death, the former does not appear in any part of her works now before us. But if we may judge from her own writing, and the report of others, she certainly was an honor to her sex, and to the age she lived in. The greatest friendship subsisted between her and *Mlle. de Scuderi*, who we have already mentioned in the first volume of this work.

THE names which follow *Mlle. Descartes*, are the Countess *de Dalet*, daughter to the Count *de Buffy*; *Mlle. Loynes*, *Madam Dorquier*, *Dufresnoy*, *Flexelles Favart*, and *Fredine*, but neither the lives or writings of these ladies afford us matter that is interesting enough to attempt offering specimens to the English reader.

THE COUNTESS D'AULNOY.

THIS singular and celebrated lady was the daughter of *Monsieur le Jumel de Barneville*, descended from one of the best families in Normandy, who had served in the army with great reputation. Her mother was also of distinguished birth, but being left a widow when she was very young, she married the Marquis *de Gadaigne*, and spent the remainder of her days at *Madrid*, where she had obtained a considerable pension of Charles the second, and which was continued to her by Philip the fifth.

HER daughter, of whom we shall now speak, married Francis *de la Mothe*, Count *D'Aulnoy*, and after living to the age of fifty, died at Paris, Jan. 1705, leaving four daughters, among whom,
was

was *Mlle. de Hère*, so distinguished for her wit and fine accomplishments.

THE Countess is described to us, as a woman whose amiable character, great talents, and lively turn of conversation, made her society sought for with avidity, nothing escaped her penetration—whatever was the subject of conversation, her opinion was always given with judgment and precision; she wrote with astonishing facility; a strong proof of which, are the number of volumes which she published. The account she gives of her travels into Spain,* is written with a great deal of spirit, in nine letters to her cousin, in which she relates a very droll adventure which happened in crossing the river *Andaye*.

THE Countess was in one boat with part of her retinue, and the rest of her suite

* The author of the *Lady's Travels into Spain*.

suite followed in others.—“ Our lit-
 “ tle boats (says she) were ornamented
 “ with a variety of streamers, painted
 “ and gilt. They were conducted by
 “ girls very neatly dressed, whose skill
 “ and activity in the management of
 “ them, greatly astonished me. There
 “ are three of them to each boat, two
 “ who row, while the third governs with
 “ the rudder.—These girls for the most
 “ part, are very large and robust, fine
 “ shapes, *brunette* complexions, teeth
 “ admirably white, and black shining
 “ hair, which they plait and let fall
 “ upon their shoulders, decorated with
 “ ribbon. They wear a little muslin
 “ veil embroidered with gold and silk
 “ flowers, which half covers the neck,
 “ and gives them a modest and elegant
 “ appearance, beside being of great
 “ advantage to their beauty. They
 “ wear also gold or pearl earrings, and
 “ necklaces of coral. They have a kind
 “ of

“ of waistcoat like our Bohemians,* the
 “ sleeves of which are very close made.
 “ I do assure you I was infinitely
 “ charmed with the appearance, dress,
 “ and manners of these water nymphs
 “ who they say, can swim like fishes:
 “ They suffer no men among them: It
 “ is a kind of little female republic, to
 “ which they come from all quarters,
 “ and are sent when very young by
 “ their parents, to be brought up ac-
 “ cording to the peculiar method and
 “ rules which subsist among them.
 “ When any of these girls have a mind
 “ to marry, they go to mafs at *Fonta-*
 “ *rabia*, the nearest town to the place
 “ where they live, and there they are
 “ sure of finding young men who ge-
 “ nerally assemble on sundays, or par-
 “ ticular holidays, with a view of get-
 “ ting wives to their liking.—I never
 “ saw so much gaiety and chearfulness
 “ in

* Gypsies.

“ in the face of any one, as I did in
 “ those girls, they seem strangers to
 “ care or trouble of any kind. They
 “ live in very small huts on the banks
 “ of the river, and are under the ma-
 “ nagement and controul of old women,
 “ who were never married, whom they
 “ obey as if they were their own mo-
 “ thers. They related to us every
 “ particular concerning their manner
 “ of living, to which, we listened with
 “ great pleasure, whilst the devil who
 “ never sleeps, (to give the Countess’s
 “ own words) *lorsque le diable qui ne dort*
 “ *point*, interrupted our tranquility by
 “ raising a most violent disturbance,
 “ which for some minutes, greatly a-
 “ larmed us.—My cook, who is a
 “ Gascon, (and who has all the vivacity
 “ natural to his country) was in ano-
 “ ther boat fitting close to one of these
 “ Biscayan girls, who appeared to him
 “ very pretty ; he was not content with
 “ telling

“ telling her so, but would it seems, lift
 “ up her veil, in spite of the repulses
 “ he met with. The girl was so much
 “ offended with the liberty he had ta-
 “ ken, that without any further cere-
 “ mony she took up a pole which had
 “ an iron spike at the end of it, and
 “ almost broke his head with it: which
 “ she had no sooner done, than she was
 “ exceedingly frightened, and threw
 “ herself precipitately into the water
 “ though it was extremely cold: She
 “ swam with incredible swiftness, but
 “ being a great way off the shore, and
 “ having all her cloaths on, her strength
 “ began to fail her; but a great number
 “ of her companions who were on the
 “ strand, quickly entered their boats
 “ and put off to her assistance. Mean-
 “ while, those who remained in the
 “ boat with my cook, fearing for the
 “ loss of their companion, threw them-
 “ selves upon him like two furies, and
 “ seemed

“ seemed resolved to throw him over-
 “ board, by which means they narrow-
 “ ly escaped overfeting their own boat
 “ two or three times in attempting to
 “ overfet him.—We were near enough
 “ to fee the whole tranfaction, and my
 “ people were very anxious, to fepa-
 “ rate and appeafe the combatants. I
 “ do affure you the indiscreet Gascon
 “ was fo cruelly beat, that he was al-
 “ moft covered with his own blood.
 “ At laft we landed, and faw the girl
 “ who they had faved in good time,
 “ for fhe was fo fpent, that a few mi-
 “ nutes more, would have put an end
 “ to her exiftence—but by the help of
 “ fome cordials, fhe, in a little while
 “ after, was fo well recovered, as to
 “ meet us with above fifty others,
 “ marching two and two, each bearing
 “ an oar upon their fhoulders with
 “ three fuperiors at their head, who
 “ beat the drum incomparably well.—

“ One

“ One in particular, advanced nearer
 “ than the rest, and began to make an
 “ harangue, which I cannot remember
 “ one word of, except, *Andria*, which
 “ they pronounced very often, the
 “ meaning of which is, madam; but it
 “ was to make me understand that my
 “ cook's skin should either remain with
 “ them, or the cloaths of their compa-
 “ nion which were spoilt, should be
 “ paid for. In finishing this speech,
 “ they began beating their drums more
 “ furiously than ever, at the same time,
 “ setting up such a cry or rather shout-
 “ ing that it pierced our ears. — These
 “ beautiful pirates, then went through
 “ a particular exercise with their oars,
 “ at the same time dancing and leap-
 “ ing with uncommon agility, and with
 “ an exceeding good grace. We or-
 “ dered some petacoons (a Spanish
 “ coin) to be dispersed among this a-
 “ quatic troop, at the sight of which,
 Vol. II. I “ they

“ they set up a cry much longer and
 “ louder if possible, than they did be-
 “ fore ; then wished me a good jour-
 “ ney and a speedy return, each sing-
 “ ing and dancing to the noise of their
 “ drums.”

IN Madam *D'Aulnoy's* second letter,
 she gives an account of a spectacle she
 was at, in the town of *Victoria*. “ When
 “ I entered the hall (says she) they set
 “ up a great hallow, crying out *mira*,
 “ *mira*, that is, look, look.—You will
 “ not expect to hear that the decoration
 “ was very magnificent when you are
 “ informed that the stage was nothing
 “ but some old planks badly raised up-
 “ on trestles. The windows all open,
 “ and no flambeaus, so that it made a
 “ worse appearance than it would o-
 “ therwise have done. The play was
 “ the life of Saint Anthony, and when-
 “ ever the comedians said any thing
 “ which

" which pleased the audience, they ex-
 " pressed their approbation by crying
 " out *viçtorã, viçtorã*, which I find is the
 " custom of that country. I remarked
 " that the devil was not differently
 " dressed from the rest, excepting a
 " pair of flame colour stockings, and a
 " couple of horns. The comedy con-
 " sisted of three acts, at the end of
 " each, they played a farce full of
 " low humour, in which they intro-
 " duced a number of drolleries, and
 " one character in particular, whom
 " they call *el gracioso* (which is a Buf-
 " foon or Merry Andrew) and who
 " said now and then, some very good
 " things. The other acts, were a med-
 " ley of acting, singing, and dancing,
 " accompanied by the harp and guitar.
 " The dancers were dressed in a pretty
 " fantastical taste, and wore little hats
 " decorated with a band of flowers.
 " When they danced a saraband they

“triped it along so lightly that one
 “could hardly perceive their feet.
 “Their manner is very different from
 “ours, they move their arms much
 “more over their head, and with so
 “good a grace, that it had a very plea-
 “sing effect. They danced the whole
 “time with castagnets, which they use
 “admirably well. They tell me that
 “these comedians, (altho’ it was in a
 “little paultry town) act full as well as
 “those belonging to the King at Ma-
 “drid.”

IN another letter Madam *D’Aulnoy*
 says “The Spaniards have long passed
 “for a proud and haughty people,
 “their pride is mixed with so much
 “gravity, and pompous parade, that it
 “might be called an *orgueil outré*. They
 “are brave, without being rash or guil-
 “ty of temerity; yet, they are very
 “choleric, and revengeful without be-
 “traying

“traying the least sign of anger. Li-
 “beral without ostentation, temperate
 “and sober in respect to their eating
 “and drinking. Too presumptuous in
 “posterity, too servile and cringing in
 “adversity. They adore women. Are
 “patient to excess, obstinate, slothful,
 “and particular;—men of honor, who
 “will keep their word at the peril of
 “their lives.—They have a great deal
 “of wit and vivacity, comprehend
 “with great readiness, and explain
 “themselves in a very few words.—
 “They are prudent, but jealous be-
 “yond measure—disinterested, but ve-
 “ry bad œconomists, superstitious to a
 “degree, and good catholics, to all
 “appearance, they write verses with
 “little or no trouble, and are capable
 “of excelling in the polite arts if they
 “would but deign to apply themselves.
 “They possess greatness of soul, ele-
 “vated minds, steadiness and constancy,

“ and have that respect and veneration
 “ for women, which is not to be met
 “ with in any other nation*, They are
 “ exceedingly conceited and puffed up
 “ with the ideas of their own merit,
 “ and seldom render justice to the me-
 “ rit of others.—Their bravery consists
 “ in valiantly defending themselves
 “ when attacked, without recoiling, or
 “ fearing danger; but they are not
 “ overfond of seeking opportunities of
 “ signalizing their courage, they avoid
 “ every possibility of running into dan-
 “ ger, but it is from judgment and
 “ sound reasoning, that they avoid it,
 “ not from timidity or cowardice.—
 “ Their greatest fault in my opinion,
 “ is, their passion for revenge; and the
 “ means which they employ to gratify
 “ it. Their maxims in respect to that
 “ matter, seem to me, to be absolutely
 “ contrary to christianity, and even
 “ to

* This is a great deal for a *French* woman to say.

“ to that honor they so much value
 “ themselves upon. If they receive
 “ ever so slight an affront, they watch
 “ the first opportunity to assassinate (or
 “ hire others to do it) the party who
 “ has offended them. And not only
 “ so, but they will oftentimes even
 “ assassinate those, whom they them-
 “ selves have offended; under an ap-
 “ prehension, that, if they do not kill,
 “ they shall be killed. The permitting
 “ of criminals to find a secure retreat
 “ in their churches and convents, has
 “ been the means of rather encourag-
 “ ing of crimes, than of preventing
 “ them. Murders for that reason, are
 “ generally committed close to those
 “ sanctuaries, that they may not have
 “ far to go and secure a retreat at the
 “ foot of the altar, which is often po-
 “ luted by the embraces of a villain,
 “ holding the poniard in his hand, still
 “ reeking

“ reeking with the blood of him he has
 “ just spilled.”

“ IN regard to their persons, they
 “ are very thin, and of small stature,
 “ finely shaped, little heads, very black
 “ hair*, regular features, fine eyes,
 “ good teeth, and a yellow complexion,
 “ they wear no power, but separate
 “ their hair on each side, which is cut
 “ strait and combed behind their ears,
 “ their dress is a very large hat (which
 “ is generally worn slouched over their
 “ eyes) lined with black taffety; a
 “ long cloak of black frieze, a sword
 “ of an enormous length and a con-
 “ cealed poniard.—In short this dress
 “ is so exceedingly *outrè* and unbecom-
 “ ing, that it is impossible for a stranger
 “ to be easily reconciled to it. The
 “ *Grandeës* are of different classes.—

“ Some

* Mademoiselle D'Aulnoy might have added, which they are perpetually combing, and for good reasons.

“Some are only created noble for life,
 “from which their children reap no ad-
 “vantages, their titles and honors
 “dying with them, but they have the
 “privilege of being covered in the
 “King’s presence, the ceremony of
 “their creation consists in nothing more
 “than the King saying, *Be covered.*—
 “The other Grandees are named after
 “their estates, and their titles, digni-
 “ties and honors descend to their child-
 “ren. The King in creating these
 “noble, uses no other ceremony than
 “with the other class, only he says:
 “Duke or Marquis of—*Be covered,*
 “you, and yours.”

MADAME *D’Aulnoy* then gives a de-
 “scription of Madrid. “It is situated
 “in the center* of Spain in New Castile:
 “It is a long time since the Kings of
 “Spain

* The little town of *Pinto* three leagues off Madrid,
 was formerly called *Puntum*, the center.

“ Spain have chosen to keep their court
 “ here, because of the purity of the
 “ air and the goodness and salubrity of
 “ the waters, which are of such pecu-
 “ liar excellence, that the Cardinal In-
 “ fanta, being in Flanders, would not
 “ drink any other, so that they were
 “ obliged to have it sent by sea, in
 “ stone bottles well corked. The Spa-
 “ niards pretend that the founder of
 “ Madrid was a Prince named *Ogno*
 “ *Bianor*, son of *Tiberino*, King of the
 “ Latins, and of *Manto*, a Queen who
 “ was famous for her knowledge in as-
 “ trology.”

“ THE first thing I remarked upon
 “ my arrival in this city, was, that
 “ there were neither walls nor ditch, or
 “ any other kind of defence, even
 “ their strongest castles one might force
 “ open, by throwing an orange or a
 “ lemon against them. But indeed it
 “ would

“ would have been needless to fortify
 “ a city, which nature has already so
 “ strongly fortified by a chain of moun-
 “ tains which surround it on all sides.
 “ The streets are long and strait, and
 “ very wide, but worse paved than you
 “ can conceive, for if a coach goes
 “ ever so gently, one is bruised with the
 “ continual jolts; and the kennels are
 “ like little rivers, which added to a
 “ great quantity of clay and dirt, makes
 “ it very disagreeable, and the horses
 “ are always up to their girths in mud and
 “ mire, which keeps splashing up a-
 “ gainst the carriage. The houses are
 “ large and handsome, chiefly built
 “ with brick, and but very few with
 “ *portes cocheres*. The apartments are
 “ spacious and convenient; the ground
 “ floor of all houses belong to the
 “ King, which brings him in, a confi-
 “ derable revenue.”

THE

THE account which Madame *D'Aul-*
noy gives of Passion-week, is too curi-
 ous to be omitted. " Every one ap-
 " pears in Passion-week (says the Coun-
 " tefs) particularly occupied in observ-
 " ing their religious duties, or at least
 " in pretending to do so.—Upon the
 " whole, it is a confused scene made up
 " of true penitents, hypocrites and lov-
 " ers, beside a great number of ladies
 " who fail not to go to church, under
 " pretence of devotion, accompanied
 " by their duennas, on purpose to meet
 " their gallants, who they are sure to
 " find waiting in expectation of them.
 " And as the crowd is always very
 " great at that time, they find no diffi-
 " culty in stealing away to some house
 " hard by, which is previously prepared
 " for the reception of the lovers.—The
 " ladies then return to the church,
 " where they find their women very
 " busy in looking for them, whom they
 " pretend

“ pretend to be exceedingly angry,
 “ for loosing sight of them. So that
 “ the husband who has taken care to
 “ guard his dear wife well, all the year,
 “ loses her at the very time she ought
 “ to be most faithful, and more *piously*
 “ employed.

“ NOTHING can be conceived more
 “ shocking than a custom the men have
 “ of scourging themselves in Passion-
 “ week. I was ready to faint at this
 “ sight the first time I saw this discipline
 “ performed. To me; that *very fine*
 “ *spectacle*, (so they call it) is a most
 “ horrid one. Figure to yourself a
 “ man’s lashing his naked body close to
 “ you, and covering you with his
 “ blood; and yet this is looked upon
 “ by them, as a great piece of gallant-
 “ ry, and the lady so besprinkled con-
 “ siders it as an high honor confer-
 “ red upon her, for which, with a low
 Vol. II. K “ courtesy,

“ courtesy, she returns the penitent
 “ thanks. There are even masters to
 “ teach the rules of giving the disci-
 “ pline with a good grace. The *Che-*
 “ *valiers de la discipline* wear a petticoat
 “ of fine cambric which reaches down
 “ to their feet. It is plaited with very
 “ small plaits, and is so exceedingly
 “ full, that there are fifty ells of cam-
 “ bric in them, which appears to me an
 “ astonishing quantity. Their hat is
 “ three times as high as a sugar loaf,
 “ and of the same figure, covered with
 “ fine holland, and there falls from it
 “ another piece of cloth which covers
 “ the face, and the fore part of the bo-
 “ dy. They leave two little holes
 “ only to peep through. There are
 “ also two other holes much larger cut
 “ out from the waistcoat which leaves
 “ much of the shoulder naked, to re-
 “ ceive the lash of discipline. They
 “ have white gloves and shoes and
 “ their

“ their waistcoat sleeves are tied down
 “ with ribbon. Those who give them-
 “ selves the discipline with the best
 “ grace, never use any gestures of the
 “ arm, but it must be all done by a sud-
 “ den jerk of the wrist—and they do
 “ it with such art, that the blood which
 “ spouts out from the wound, does not
 “ spoil their cloaths in the least; they
 “ give themselves such terrible lashes
 “ on the shoulders, that the blood issues
 “ from it like a stream, and this they
 “ do with wonderful patience and for-
 “ titude, before the houses of their
 “ mistresses, who seem to take great
 “ delight in seeing them from their let-
 “ tice windows, and will even by some
 “ signs they make, spur them on to re-
 “ double their stripes. But the great-
 “ est diversion is, when this ceremony
 “ is performed by persons of great
 “ quality.—They first, inform their
 “ friends of their intention, who all

“ go well armed to accompany the
 “ noble penitent. It happened that
 “ the Duke *de Vejar*, and the Marquis
 “ *de Villa Hermosa* went upon this ex-
 “ pedition the same night. The Duke
 “ set out from his house at nine o'clock
 “ lighted by an hundred wax flambeaus,
 “ which were carried before him, two
 “ and two, he was followed by sixty
 “ of his friends who with all their pages
 “ and lackies, made a very long pro-
 “ cession, all the ladies were at their
 “ windows and balconies, which were
 “ covered with tapestry and lighted by
 “ flambeaus fixed on each side, that
 “ they might see, and be the better
 “ seen.—Sometimes there happens a
 “ great *fracas* when two chevaliers of
 “ high rank meet in the same street with
 “ all their *suite*, and that happened to
 “ be the case with this Duke and Mar-
 “ quis, each party disputed the upper
 “ pavement and neither would yield.
 “ The

“ The valets who held the flambeaus;
 “ tried to set fire to the beards, and
 “ hair of the domestics of the opposite
 “ party, and the friends of one side,
 “ drew their swords against the friends
 “ of the other, till at last, the two
 “ heroes, who had no other weapons
 “ than their rods of discipline, came
 “ to close, and single combat; after
 “ having broken their rods about the
 “ ears of each other, and covered the
 “ ground with the little knots of cord
 “ with which they are made, they then
 “ went to boxing like two porters.
 “ Nevertheless, it was impossible to
 “ help laughing at this mummery,
 “ though they wounded each other
 “ terribly. It has even sometimes hap-
 “ pened that each party have lost their
 “ lives, owing to these *pious* expeditions;
 “ for 'tis no uncommon thing, for two
 “ men who have had some enmity to-
 “ wards each other, to meet purposely

“ on these occasions, to satisfy their re-
 “ venge, as the surviving party (if either
 “ should be killed) would not be called
 “ to an account.—But to return to our
 “ illustrious penitents: The Duke *de*
 “ *Vejar* was obliged at last to yield to
 “ the Marquis *de Villa Hermosa*, after
 “ which they gathered up the cords and
 “ made them up again for solo dis-
 “ cipline as well as they could: Their
 “ great hats which tumbled off in the
 “ fray, were all over dirt and mire,
 “ but they were again put on the heads
 “ of the penitents, and the procession
 “ then moved on with more gravity
 “ than ever, and paraded it through
 “ half the town. The Duke was de-
 “ termined to have his revenge the next
 “ day, but the King forbid both him,
 “ and the Marquis, to stir out of their
 “ houses. I must not forget to mention
 “ that as soon as these pious and devout
 “ personages returned home, there was
 “ a very

“ a very grand supper prepared for
 “ their friends, who highly compli-
 “ mented the penitents, assuring them
 “ that they never saw any men give
 “ themselves the discipline with a more
 “ perfect *bonne grace et très comme il faut.*”

MADAME *D'Aulnoy* relates many
 other circumstances equally absurd,
 and ridiculous, which appear more
 like the extravagant tales of a ro-
 mance, than serious matter of fact, the
 Countess herself indeed seems aware
 of this, by her finishing one of her
 letters in the following manner: “ Do
 “ not imagine that I tell you these ex-
 “ traordinary things by way of embel-
 “ lishing my letter to amuse you, no :
 “ I give you my word, 'tis strictly true
 “ all that I tell you, and which you
 “ may be assured of, by every one
 “ who has been at Madrid.”

MADAME

MADAME *D'Aulnoy* in another work, intituled *Memoires de la Cour D'Espagne*, relates every circumstance worthy of observation that passed at the court of Charles the second, to the commencement of that Prince's marriage with the neice of Lewis the XIV. " When
 " the King (says *Madame D'Aulnoy*)
 " had attained the age of fifteen, he
 " became passionately in love with *Ma-*
 " *demoiselle*, neice of Lewis XIV, both
 " from the portraits he had seen of that
 " incomparable Princess, and likewise
 " from the accounts which had been
 " given him by many noblemen who
 " had been at the French court. At
 " length, the King demanded the Prin-
 " ces in marriage, which was readily
 " accepted of, by the court of France.
 " I cannot possibly (says this lady) de-
 " scribe all the ceremonies which were
 " used from the time that the Princess
 " approached the frontiers of Spain,
 " during

“ during the journey, nor after the
 “ marriage. Those who accompanied
 “ the young Queen, on her journey,
 “ did not fail to prejudice her against
 “ the Queen mother. The *Camarera*
 “ *Major* (whom we have mentioned in
 “ Madame de Villars letters) seemed to
 “ take entire possession of the young
 “ Queen from the moment she set her
 “ foot into Spain, and who soon felt
 “ the difference between a French and
 “ Spanish court. The *Camarera Ma-*
 “ *jor* is in short, a spy upon the Prin-
 “ cefs, and endeavored to make her
 “ believe that her mother-in-law, the
 “ Queen mother, was her secret enemy.
 “ She likewise ingratiated herself into
 “ the King’s good opinion, and endea-
 “ vored to inspire him with jealousy
 “ against the young Queen, whom she
 “ treated like a child. But that Prin-
 “ cefs did not want penetration to per-
 “ ceive the artifices of the *Camarera*
 “ *Major*,

“ *Major*, and was convinced that the
 “ Queen Mother who had received her
 “ with every demonstration of regard,
 “ and maternal affection, would in the
 “ end prove her best friend.”

Madame *D'Aulnoy* relates a singular circumstance, which shews the unaccountable severity which reigns in the customs and manners of Spain.—One of the greatest enjoyments the young Queen had, was to partake of the diversion of the chace. The King who loved her tenderly, and knew her taste, had procured her some of the finest horses from *Andalousie*. The Queen unfortunately fixed upon one which was rather mettlesome, and mounted it. But she was no sooner seated upon the saddle, than the creature began to prance and be very refractory, and soon threw the Queen off, whose foot was entangled in the stirrup. The horse feeling himself,

himself embarrassed by this accident, was more furious than ever, and dragged the Queen about the court-yard of the palace. The King who saw the accident from his balcony, was almost distracted;—The court-yard was full of persons of the first distinction, beside a great number of the King's guards. Yet, strange to relate, none dared to run the risque of assisting the Queen, as no man is permitted to touch a Queen of Spain, particularly her feet, except some very young pages, whose office it is to assist in putting on her *chapins* (sandals) when she rides. But these pages were too young and too little to be of any use in extricating her from so perilous a situation. At length, two Cavaliers named *Louis de las Torres*, and *Don Juan de Soto Mayor*, were resolved to save the Queen whatever the consequence might be to themselves; one seized the horse's bridle, whilst the other

other disengaged the Queen's foot from the stirrup, in doing which he dislocated his own finger. The two Cavaliers had no sooner rendered the Queen that important service, than they immediately mounted their horses and galloped off with the utmost speed, and got to a considerable distance from the city to conceal themselves from the King's unreasonable wrath. Meanwhile, a young nobleman belonging to the court, who was their friend, went to the Queen, and told her in the most respectful and submissive terms, that the Cavaliers who had been so fortunate as to save her Majesty's life, had every thing to fear, unless she had the goodness to speak to the King in their favor, as it was death for any man to touch a Queen of Spain, particularly her feet.—The King who had flown down to the Queen's assistance, was overjoyed to find she was out of danger, having received

ceived only a slight wound. He readily granted the Queen's petition in favor of the generous *culprits*, who were immediately sent for to court, and received the recompence which was due to them.—For the King not only loaded them with the most costly presents, but graciously conferred upon them, and their family, many royal marks of his favor.

Les Mémoires de la Cour d'Angleterre, is another work of Madame *D'Aulnoy*, in which she relates some singular anecdotes which happened among persons of the first distinction, at the court of Charles the second of England. The principal personages who are mentioned in these memoirs, are the Duke of Monmouth, natural son of Charles the second, the Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of Arran, their consorts, and a certain beautiful young lady named A-

Vol. II. L melia,

melia, maid of honor to the Ducheſs of York. In her, according to Madame *D'Aulnoy*, were united all the charms of wit, youth and beauty, added to which, ſhe excelled in the polite arts, and was in every reſpect a moſt accompliſhed perſon. The Duke of Monmouth (who had been but a ſhort time married to a lady, in the choice of whom, the Duke's heart made but a ſmall part, as he did it purely in obedience to the will of the King his father) could not ſee Amelia and be inſenſible to her charms. He omitted no opportunity of being in her company to enjoy the inexpressible happineſs of converſing with that charming perſon; but it was but ſeldom that he could obtain it, as the governeſs who was appointed to ſuperintend, and watch over the conduct of the young maids of honor, knew how dangerous a thing it was to allow them too frequently the liberty of converſing

versing with the courtiers. But one
 day, as this exact *surveillante*, hap-
 pened to be too much indisposed to
 accompany the Duchess of York on a
 party of pleasure, which that Princess
 had made on the river Thames, the Duke
 of Monmouth took that opportunity to
 declare his passion to Amelia. “ I
 “ know not, (said he to that lovely wo-
 “ man) how to be content, Madam, with
 “ my present destiny. You will not
 “ deign to love me, and I know that
 “ you do not hate Lord Arran. My
 “ Lord (said Amelia blushing) those
 “ who pretend to be acquainted with
 “ the sentiments of my heart, have
 “ misinformed you; the Earl of Arran
 “ thinks not about me, I know he has
 “ already a mistress who is highly de-
 “ serving of his attachment, and I
 “ ought likewise to assure you, that if
 “ I was capable of wishing well to one
 “ man in preference to another, you

“ would possess the first place in my es-
 “ teem. What you tell me (replied
 “ the Duke) might possibly have con-
 “ soled me, if I had felt less, and could
 “ have been contented with what I
 “ look upon as merely a compliment,
 “ but the passion I feel for you, is too
 “ deeply fixed, not to require something
 “ more in return, than polite lan-
 “ guage. Ah! (replied Amelia with
 “ an air of pleasantry) what is it you
 “ would have of me? I would (added
 “ the Duke putting on a serious coun-
 “ tenance) possess all your tenderness
 “ —do you think that too much to give
 “ in return for the inviolable affection
 “ I feel for you? Yes, (replied Ame-
 “ lia smiling) I think it a great deal too
 “ much, and you ought to be ashamed
 “ for asking of me so much, as I am
 “ sure I ought to be, if I was to listen
 “ to your indiscreet request.”

MEANWHILE,

MEANWHILE, the Earl of Arran, who followed her highness in another barge, could not keep his eyes off the Duke, and Amelia, who he perceived were in very familiar conversation together.—This nobleman loved Amelia with the utmost tenderness, but had hitherto, concealed his passion, on account of a particular engagement he had with Lady —, and became impatient to find out some method to put an end to Amelia's discourse with the Duke, at which he felt inexpressible uneasiness. He had a little favorite dog with him in the barge, well known to the whole court, the Earl took him up under a pretence of caressing him, and let him fall into the river, and then made a great outcry to have him taken out.—All the ladies began immediately to interest themselves in the dog's safety, particularly Lady — who accompanied her Highness, and could not see

with indifference, any misfortune befall the least object of the Earl's regard, as she tenderly loved him. As soon as the boatmen had taken the dog out of the water, Lady —— advanced to the side of the barge which was close to that in which the Earl was, crying out, "Come my Lord, her Highness gives you permission to come and rejoice with us that your faithful *Mélampe* is saved."

THE Earl joyfully accepted of the invitation, and eagerly jumped into her Highness's barge, where, after respectfully saluting the Duchess of York, he placed himself by Lady —— but it was only for a few minutes for his object was Amelia, to whom he drew near, and with a dejected air reproached her for having shewn so little inquietude about the safety of his dog. The Duke of Monmouth piqued at the Earl's interrupting

interrupting them, replied to his reproaches with a tart piece of raillery, but Amelia spoke with softness and complacency, (saying) " There is more caprice, than reason, in your reproaches. — It is some consolation however to me (replied he) to find you are able to discover my vexation." The Earl was going on, but was interrupted by Lady — who feeling impatient at his leaving her, called him under the pretence of shewing him a diamond bracelet which she had purchased that morning. She then took occasion to upbraid him with being guilty of infidelity and indifference. While she was complaining to the Earl, the Duke of Monmouth was chagrined on his side, and reproached the young Amelia, (saying) " You thought to disguise your sentiments for the Earl of Arran, but it is not difficult for me to discover the impression he has made on your heart. Do
 " you

“ you think it then so easy a matter to
 “ deceive me? Do you imagine, in-
 “ spite of the pains you took to conceal
 “ it, that I could not perceive that you
 “ betrayed a sensibility you feel not for
 “ me?” Here the Duke paused, and
 sighing, waited for Amelia’s reply, who
 endeavored by every argument in her
 power to dissuade the Duke from en-
 couraging those sentiments, but all her
 efforts proved ineffectual. Their ex-
 cursion on the Thames being finished,
 they landed, and the company dispersed.
 The Duchess of Monmouth who had
 been a witness of all that had passed be-
 tween the Duke and Amelia, resolved
 to go and complain to the King of her
 husband’s infidelity, and as she did not
 find (upon her quitting the Princess)
 either her chair or any of her atten-
 dance, she went alone in the park to
 wait for them there; but that she might
 pass unobserved, she chose to walk in
 the

the most obscure and gloomy part, meditating by the light of the moon, what she would say to the King. While she was thus deeply immersed in thought, she was perceived by the Duke of Buckingham, who thinking it was his mistress for whom he was waiting in expectation, advanced towards her with the eagerness of an ardent lover. As he did not endeavor to conceal himself, he was easily known by the Duchess, who on the other hand, so well counterfeited her voice (beside being wrapped up in a large cloak) that she was not at all suspected by the Duke, she therefore guessing the truth, determined to carry on the deception, and pretended to be very angry, upbraiding him for not keeping his appointment. The Duke imagining that his mistress, was exceedingly out of humour with him, fell on his knees and endeavored by the tenderest expressions to appease her, upon which, the Duchess
burst

burst into a fit of laughter, and soon discovered to the Duke the error he was in.

IN the mean time, the Duchefs of Buckingham, who had followed her husband at a little distance, and perceiving all that had passed, tho' she was unable to hear what they said, thought herself absolutely certain of the infidelity of her husband, of which she was so well convinced, that she would not wait to be further informed, but immediately left the park with an intention of going to Whitehall to the King.—This droll mistake was presently followed by another, for the Duke of Monmouth who had just taken leave of her Highness, and was crossing the park to his own house, perceived his wife in one of the private walks, and made not the least doubt but she came there with an intention of revenging the attention he had shewn

shewn to Amelia in the barge, beside some other little infidelities which he had been guilty of. He therefore hastened near to the place where she then was, and seeing a man in close conference with her, advanced very softly to hear their conversation,—but what was his surprise, when he heard her say in a loud and angry tone; “ keep your
 “ counsel my Lord for another, for I
 “ am resolved to complain to the King,
 “ of the Duke of Monmonth’s conduct.”

The Duke not only heard this resolution of his wife’s, but likewise perceived it was the Duke of Buckingham to whom she addressed her discourse, he therefore quickly retired, determining to be before-hand with his Duchess, for though his mind was at ease in respect to his wife’s conduct, he felt some inquietude at the thoughts of her making complaints of him to the King, who it seems had, but a short time before, strongly recommended

recommended to the Duke, to be cautious of giving any cause of uneasiness to the Duchess, who had been made frequently very unhappy by his continual infidelities, and the Duke had given his word to the King, that he never would give her any more reason to be dissatisfied with him on that account. The Duke thinking therefore to take his advantage of the Duchess by going first, hastened to the King's apartment, which he no sooner entered, but he met the Duchess of Buckingham coming out in tears, for she likewise had been making her lamentations to his Majesty. The Duke of Monmouth then addressed his father as follows.

“ Sire, I come to inform you that I
 “ saw my wife within this quarter of an
 “ hour, walking in the park, and I
 “ have reason to suspect from what I
 “ was a witness of, that she is false to
 “ me.—I protest to your Majesty, if it
 “ had

“ had not been out of respect to you,
 “ I would have instantly done myself
 “ justice upon the spot.”——The King
 was so greatly astonished at what he
 heard, that he was for some moments
 silent,—and then turning to the Duke,
 said; “ Are you quite sure that what
 “ you tell me is true? she cannot pos-
 “ sibly have the confidence (continues
 “ the Duke) to deny the fact, when I
 “ shall tax her before your Majesty
 “ with some particular circumstances
 “ which I was an eye witness of.”——

The Duke had but just done speaking,
 when the Duchess entered the apart-
 ment; her husband being present, did
 not prevent her from making her griev-
 ances known to the King, who listened
 to her with great attention—and then
 gently reproached her for her own con-
 duct, which seemed to him so highly
 blameable. The Duchess found no dif-
 ficulty in clearing herself from the

Duke's accusation, and soon convinced the King of her husband's mistake.— This led to another discovery, which was, that the Duchess of Buckingham was likewise in the same error. The King therefore immediately sent for her, to calm her inquietude, and also for the Duke of Buckingham by the Earl of —, who had the misfortune to find that nobleman, at his wife's feet. All these personages were ordered to appear before the King, when his Majesty told them, that they never should encourage suspicion and jealousy, nor depend always on appearances, which in a thousand instances would deceive them, and perhaps make them wretched and miserable the rest of their lives.

WE have given this anecdote of the court of *our* Charles the second, but as it does not appear that Madame *D'Aulnoy* ever visited England, it is probable that
this

this medley of mistakes is an invention of her own, and founded on the well known vicious and intriguing court of Charles the second, we therefore leave it to the reader, as we received it from the relater.

Madame D'Aulnoy in giving an account of some pictures at Madrid painted by *Moralès* a native of Spain, and an excellent artist, says, he lived to a great age, and loaded with misery, but that Philip the second passing through *Badgois*, the town *Moralès* lived in, would needs see him; and seeing him, said, you are very old *Moralès*:—Yes Sire, and *very poor too*, replied *Moralès*. The King ordered him two hundred ducats for his dinner, and an hundred more for his supper.*

M 2

THE

* We cannot help giving an instance of Royal *Munificence* to a painter nearer home.—Goupeé, an artist not inferior to *Moralès*, was in high favor with the Prince

THE literary productions of Madame *de Clapifson*, Madame *Desloges*, *Mlle. Duhamel*, *Mlle. Vieux*, *Mlle. Itier*, and *Mlle. Liborel*, afford but little amusement.

MADE-

of Wales, our gracious King's father, and he daily attended his Royal Highness to paint pictures, some of which, were not *fit* for the public eye. One morning upon Goupeé's arrival at Leicester-House; come Goupeé, said the Prince, sit down and paint me a picture on such a subject. But Goupeé perceiving Prince George (his present Majesty) a prisoner behind a chair, took the liberty humbly to represent to his Royal patron, how impossible it was for him to sit down to execute His Royal Highness's commands with spirit, while the Prince was standing, and under his Royal displeasure. Come out George then, said the good natured Prince, Goupeé has released you. When Goupeé was eighty four and very poor, he had a mad woman to nurse and maintain when old, who was the object of his delight when young, he therefore put himself often in the King's sight at Kensington where he lived.—At length, the King stopped his coach and called him to him. How do you do Goupeé, said the King, and after a few other questions asked him if he had enough to live upon? Little enough indeed, replied Goupeé, and as I once took your Majesty *out of prison*, I hope you will not let me go into one. His

MADEMOISELLE DE LA FORCE.

WAS daughter to the Marquis de Castelmoron, Governor of Montbelliard and Belfort.—She was born in the castle of Casenove in 1650, and died at Paris, at the age of seventy four. She composed a great number of romances, which are written in an elegant, and easy style, in which she discovers, great sensibility, and a knowledge of human nature, and to those readers, who take pleasure in reading such kind of performances, they certainly would afford a great deal of entertainment.—But we will give a few extracts from

M 3 another

Majesty was graciously pleased to order Goupee a guinea a week for his life, which he enjoyed for some weeks, dying soon after.—When Goupee was suddenly informed of the late Prince of Wales's death, it so affected him, that he broke a blood vessel instantly, and brought up two quarts of blood.—Such was his affection for his Royal patron.—This anecdote we relate as we received it from the poor old man's mouth.

another work of *Mlle. de la Force*, intitled, *Mémoire Historique, ou anecdote Galante et Secrette, de la Duchesse de Bar*, in which there are interspersed, some entertaining anecdotes. In the preface to this work, the author says:

“ The mutual engagements between
 “ Catherine de Bourbon Princess de Navarre, (sister to Henry IV.) and the
 “ Count de Soissons her cousin german,
 “ are among those number of facts,
 “ which have been either omitted, or
 “ but slightly touched upon, by the
 “ historians in the reign of Henry IV.
 “ Nevertheless, it is certainly true, that
 “ his Majesty was so fearful of that alliance taking place, that he neglected
 “ the reduction of many provinces, by
 “ staying at home to watch the *manœuvres* of his sister and the count. The
 “ mutual affection and constancy which
 “ subsisted for upwards of ten years between these two illustrious lovers,
 “ in

“ in spite of all the artifices which were
 “ used to destroy that happiness, which
 “ they vainly flattered themselves would
 “ be the reward of their fidelity) ap-
 “ pears so extraordinary, that I flatter
 “ myself, it will afford the public some
 “ pleasure in being made acquainted
 “ with these memoirs, in which, I have
 “ endeavored to select some events,
 “ which cannot but be interesting, and
 “ are but little known.”

THE author enters into a curious
 detail of the different interests which
 divided the court of Henry *de Valois*.
 And then speaks of the Count *de Soissons*
 (brother to the Prince of Condè) who
 being brought up in the Roman catholic
 religion, was of course strongly allied
 to the court party. He was twenty-two
 years old, when first he became ac-
 quainted with the Princess *de Navarre*,
 and remarkably handsome, well made,
 and

and of a captivating address, but his haughty and choleric temper, joined to his unbounded ambition, rendered him rather hateful to the rest of the princes of the blood.—The marriage of his brother the Prince of Condè, with *Mademoiselle de la Tremoville*, was solemnized at *Angers*, in the presence of Henry IV, and his sister the Princess *de Navarre*; then it was, that the Count *de Soissons* first saw that amiable Princess, who possessed all the virtues of her illustrious grandmother *Marguerite de Valois*, as well as those of her own mother *Jean D'Albret*. The Count was greatly struck with her personal beauty, but the qualities of her mind, and the sweetness of her disposition, gained so great an ascendancy over him, that he was for ever riveted to that lovely Princess by the strongest ties of the most tender affection, which nothing but death alone was able to put a period to.

HENRY,

HENRY, who ardently wished for a re-union among the Princes of the blood, at first, favored the Count's pretensions to his sister, hoping by that means, to bring him over to espouse his interests. But the Duke *de Montpensier*, and the Duke *de Guise*, were jealous of that alliance, being apprehensive, that the Count *de Soissons* would attach himself to the King of *Navarre*, and the rest of the Huguenot Princes, and thereby add to the strength of the Huguenot party.—To prevent which, if possible, they artfully got it whispered into Henry's ear, that the Count only pretended to espouse the Huguenot interest, in hopes by that means, to obtain the Princess in marriage. Henry was easily persuaded to credit this report, and suspecting, that there was more ambition than love, in the Count's attachment to his sister, begged of her not to think of him any more. The Princess
was

was as much astonished, as afflicted at what her brother had told her, love and indignation, by turns, agitated her mind—but her affections however, were too deeply engaged to think of taking a final leave of her lover, without first giving him an opportunity of clearing himself from such black suspicions, which called both his love, and honor, in question. The Count soon found an alteration in the behaviour of the Princess, the consequence of which was an *eclaircissement*, in which he had the happiness to clear himself fully to the satisfaction of the Princess.—The Count who really loved her with unbounded affection, was determined, moreover, to give her the utmost proof of the sincerity of his passion, by immediately abandoning the Chatholic party, and publicly espousing that of the King's. This conduct endeared him more than ever to the Princess, and Henry appeared

peared once more to favor his pretensions to his sister, and even went so far as to fix the day for the celebration of their nuptials, but never intended to keep his word.

By the artful management of the Duke *de Guise*, he was led to suspect that the Count's sudden attachment to the Huguenots was not sincere, which secretly determined him never to consent to the match.—Henry, who was no stranger to his sister's great affection for the Count, knew it would be a difficult task to persuade her to break off with him; therefore was resolved to consider of some method to alienate their affections from each other, without having it suspected he had any hand in it.—For which purpose, he consulted his favorite, the Marquis *de Rosni*, who immediately undertook the affair himself. The scheme was plan'd and executed by
the

the Marquis in the following manner.—He pretended to be upon bad terms with Henry, and endeavored to gain the confidence of the Count, who entrusted him with his letters to the princess; but instead of giving the originals, he forged others in a less tender strain.—The Marquis, likewise gained over to his interest the Princess's confidant, who delivered to him all her mistress's letters to the Count, into his hands.—Those letters underwent the same fate, till at last, the correspondence grew so cool, that they ceased writing to each other. For some time this plot succeeded, but by some accident, it was at length discovered by the lovers, who deeply felt the injurious manner with which they were treated. Henry, however, was determined to put an end to all their hopes of ever being united to each other, by marrying his sister to the Duke *de Bar*, and the Count to a rich heiress,
of

of one of the noblest families in France. But neither of them, long survived their cruel separation, for the Duchess died in less than a year after her marriage, and her death was soon followed, by that of the Count's.

Mlle. de la Force, in relating some anecdotes of Henry III. says, That Prince entirely lost the affection of his parisiens, owing to the prodigious favors which he heaped upon some particular favorites of his court, they alone received all the benefits, whilst those who merited it by their essential services to their King and Country, were disregarded, and totally neglected. The Duke *de Guise* upon all occasions, shewed his contempt to the King's minions, and likewise the famous *Bussi D'Amboise*, took particular pleasure in thwarting their authority, and trampling on their power. This extreme hatred towards

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the King's creatures caused perpetual diffensions at court, and produced at last, the death of *Maugiron*, and *Quelus*, who were both killed in a duel. *Quelus*, the chief favorite, was stabbed in nineteen places, and in that condition was carried to the *Hotel de Boissi*, where he languished in extreme misery, for more than a month, during which time, the King never failed seeing him every day and expressed the greatest anxiety for him, declaring that if he recovered, he would give him a hundred thousand crowns, and also promised the surgeons a hundred thousand livres, if they were able to cure him of his wounds. *Quelus* was touched with sentiments of the highest gratitude towards Henry, for so many marks of his affection and generosity to him; his last dying words were: *Ah mon Roi, mon Roi!* The King wept, and was inconsolable, they even add, that the King kissed both him
and

and *Maugiron* after they were dead*, and cut off locks of their hair, which were remarkably fine and of a light colour. A little while after, he had the mortification to hear that *Saint-Mégrin*, was assassinated.—The King ordered that he should be buried near the remains of his two *dear* favorites, and they were all three interred in the church of St. Paul, and a most superb and magnificent monument was erected to their memory. This conduct of Henry's, gained him the utmost contempt, and hatred. The people publicly expressed their resentment, and were ten times more violent against the rest of his favorites who had hitherto escaped their indignation and fury. The Duke of *Guise* became more emboldened, and

N 2 formed

* Modesty (says *Mlle. de la Force*) will not permit us to report the base and criminal actions, with which they accuse Henry upon this occasion.

formed by degrees the utmost confusion in the state.

THE King after the death of his favorites was, however, perfectly reconciled to his young Queen, was as assiduous as a lover, and used to pass almost all the mornings with her. He would often divert himself with dressing in woman's apparel, with patches on his face, and his neck uncovered, ornamented with a great quantity of very large pearls. The ridiculous manner in which he lavished away great sums of money also created him many enemies. It cost him above an hundred thousand crowns a year in little lap-dogs, monkeys, paroquets, &c. At one time he gave a *repas* to *Monsieur au Plessis-les Tours*, when they were served by ladies in mens cloaths dressed alike, in green silk. In the midst of these fooleries he was devout to excess, would go from
church

church to church, on foot, to gain the jubilee, and would pray in the streets, at the foot of some of the oratories which had been put there by his order. This kind of inconsistent conduct, gave occasion for some droll jests to be stuck up at the corners of the streets as follows: *Henri par la grace de sa mere, Roi de France inutile, Roi de pologne imaginaire, concierge du Louvre, Marguillier de Saint Germain—L'Auxerrois, Gendre de colas, valet de chambre de sa femme, mercier du palais, & Gardien des quatre mendians de Paris, &c.*

THE following anecdote is related by *Mlle. de la Force*. The old Cardinal de Lorraine, a man remarkable for his wit and humour, used always to wear a purse hanging to his neck, saying, the purse which he carried in his pocket was for his own use, but that which he wore about his neck was for the use of the

poor. One day as he was playing at billiards with Henry II. (*un filou*)* a sharper, came slyly behind him and cut it off, but perceiving that the King saw the transaction, he made a sign to him to take no notice of it.—The King, who imagined it was done by some intimate friend of the Cardinal's, highly enjoyed the joke, and as he was *upon honor* to keep the secret, said nothing till he and the Cardinal went into the street, where Henry perceiving a good many poor objects at a small distance (for the sake of a little more diversion at the Cardinal's expence) excited the good old prelate's charity, who searching for his purse discovered the theft; upon which, the King burst in laughter, and after some time amusing himself with the trick which had been put upon the Cardinal,

* *Filou* is the real French appellation of a *cut-purse*, as well as pick-pocket, which makes it more *apropos* to the story.

Cardinal, told him to make himself easy, for his friend who did it, was still in the billiard room, to which place they both returned, but the cheat had decamped with his booty; at which the King was so exceedingly surpris'd, that he could scarce talk upon any other subject for some days after*.



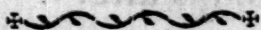
MADAME DE SAINT-ONGE

BORN at Paris in 1650, and died in 1718, at the age of sixty-eight.

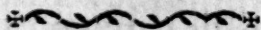
She wrote the secret history of *Don Antonia* of Portugal, (natural son to the Infant Don Lewis) from a manuscript which she found among the papers of her grand father, whose brother *Scipion de Vasconcellos*, partook of the misfortunes in

* We should not have introduced an old stale story, so well known in England, if the fact had not been so often mistold, or rather misapplied both as to place, and person.

in which *Don Antonia* was involved. It is written with a good deal of spirit. She also composed many pieces of poetry, and some theatrical pieces, which were much admired. Madam Guillot, her mother, was likewise a very ingenious writer.



THE writings of Mesdames *du Val*, *Autreval*, *Caylus*, and *Montbrun*, are not sufficiently interesting to engage the attention of our readers. These ladies were cotemporaries with Madam *de Saint-Onge*.



M A D A M E D A C I E R.

AS the name of *Dacier* is so universally known, and respected by all lovers of literature, little need be said, to prepossess the reader in favor of Madam *Dacier's* uncommon, and extraordinary

dinary talents.—A French author speaking of her, says: “ I confess, that the
 “ literary compositions of most female
 “ writers, are in general, more agree-
 “ able than solid. Tho’ it cannot be
 “ denied, but they excel in the fertility
 “ of invention, the justness of their re-
 “ flections, and the elegance of their
 “ style. We boast not only of a *Scu-*
 “ *dèri, Sèvigné, Fayette, D’Aulnoy, Vil-*
 “ *ledieu, Houlières, &c.* but the works
 “ of Madam *Dacier*, are still greater
 “ proofs, that the weaker sex, are not
 “ always the least enlightened. Her
 “ writings are worthy to be ranked a-
 “ mong those, of the greatest men.”

THE maiden name of this celebrated lady, was *Le Fevre*; she was born at *Saumur* 1651. Her father was professor of the *belles-lettres* at the academy of *Saumur*. He instructed her in the Latin, Greek, and Italian languages, and she
 was

was able very early in life, to read *Phædra* and *Terence* in Latin, and also all the Greek authors, and not only read, but well understood the beauties of the language, that her father declared, that the great delight he received in improving so extraordinary a genius, made him full amends for all the trouble and fatigue which he endured from his profession. Among his numerous scholars, he had one whose name was *Dacier*, son to a protestant gentleman who lived in Languedoc. This young disciple, was not inferior in point of natural genius to *Mlle. le Fevre*, and had made so great a progress in his studies, that he gained the esteem and friendship of his tutor, so as to be permitted to remain under his tuition, some years after he had dismissed all his other pupils. From which time, the young *Dacier* and *Mlle. le Fevre*, were inseparable, both as to their studies and amusements, and became

came at length, to conceive the tenderest sentiments for each other, sentiments, which forty years marriage, did not in the least diminish.

IN 1672, Prince Palatin entreated *Monsieur le Fevre* to settle at Heydelberg, thinking, it would be of the highest advantage to the university of that city, to have such a man at their head; and made him very considerable offers, which were accepted by *Le Fevre*, but before he had been there a fortnight he was seized with a violent fever which put a period to a life, which did honor to learning and humanity. His loss was exceedingly regretted by all men of letters.

Mlle. le Fevre, (who we shall in future, call *Madam Dacier*,) sometime after the death of her father, came to Paris—where she renewed those studies, by which

which she gained the highest reputation. The first thing she applied herself to, was to give a translation of *Callimachus*, which she shewed in manuscript to the Dauphin's Sub-governor, (since Bishop *D'Auranches*,) and to many other learned men, who exceedingly applauded her undertaking, among which number, was the Duke *de Montausier*,* who earnestly recommended it to her, to translate some Latin authors for the use of the young Prince. In 1674, she published *Le Florus*, which was soon followed by another work, intitled *Eutrope*. These performances proved sufficient, to spread the fame of Madam *Dacier*, throughout Europe. Queen Christina of Sweden expressed her admiration of her superior talents in a very polite letter, in which that Princess made her the most advantageous offers to induce her to settle at her court, at the same time expressing

* Governor to the Dauphin.

preſſing her wiſhes that Madam *Dacier* would embrace the catholic religion.

HER ſhining talents, received ſtill greater luſtre from her amiable virtues. Her piety, modeſty, courage and fortitude, made her revered by all ranks of people. Her charity towards the poor, was ſo unbounded, that ſhe often ſuffered great inconvenience, and denied herſelf many of the comforts of life, that ſhe might be enabled to ſuccour thoſe who were unfortunate and diſtreſſed.

MONSIEUR *Dacier*, one day repreſenting to her the neceſſity there was in being leſs liberal towards others, conſidering the narrowneſs of their circumſtances, ſhe replied:

“ Ce n’eſt pas les biens que nous avons qui nous

feront vivre; ce ſont les charités que nous

ferons; elles nous rendront amis de Dieu, & elles

contribueront à effacer nos péchés.”



SHE

SHE was as modest as she was wise, for she seldom or ever conversed upon any topic by way of shewing her erudition; and particularly in the company of her own sex, was ever cautious of displaying her superior knowledge, but adapted herself to the capacities of those with whom she conversed. They report a singular anecdote of her, which is a convincing proof not only of her modesty, but her judgment. In the age she lived, it was customary it seems for men of learning to carry a book with them when they travelled, and whenever they visited such persons who were distinguished for their learning, they used to entreat the favor of them to write their name down in the book, and to add also a sentence to it.* One time, when

* It is a pity this custom is discontinued, however a *particular* friend of mine, has collected a letter of almost every great man's writing of the present century, letters which will be valuable in the next.

when a learned German went to see Madam *Dacier*, he presented her his book, and begged she would do him the honor to write her name, and also a sentence, but when she beheld the names of most of the learned men in Europe, she was startled, saying, she should blush to think of putting her name among those of so many illustrious men. The German would not be refused, the more she endeavoured to excuse herself from complying with his request, the more he pressed her, till at last, being prevailed upon by his importunities, she took the pen and wrote down her name, to which she added the following line from *Sophocles*.

“ Le silence est l'ornement des femmes.”

Silence is the ornament of women.

IN 1680, she published *Diety Creten-
sis*, and *Dares Phrygius*. In 1681, she

gave *Aurelius Victor*, and also a translation of *Anacreon*, which met with the greatest success. This was soon followed by three comedies translated from *Plautus*, with remarks which did her the highest honor. She was soon after received as a member of the academy at *Padua*. The same year, she gave a translation of *Homer*, with remarks on the superior beauties of that great poet. This performance gave rise to that famous dispute between her, and that celebrated writer, *Monsieur de la Motte*. Never was any literary dispute carried to such lengths, or had made so much noise in the world. Each had their partisans, and each maintained their cause with uncommon spirit, wit and erudition. This literary quarrel produced another composition from the pen of Madam *Dacier*, intitled, *Des Causes de la Corruption du Goût*. In 1711, she finished the *Iliad*; and the *Odessey* appeared

peared in 1716, and was thought by the best judges equal to the *Iliad*. She also translated *Aristophanes*, *Terence* and *Callimachus*; her comparison between *Plautus* and *Terence* is drawn in a masterly manner.

AMIDST these occupations, *Madam Dacier* did not omit that important, and material duty, the education of her own children—whose natural genius gave her every reason to believe that they would have been an ornament to society. But while she fondly indulged herself with the pleasing idea of enjoying the fruits of her labour, death put a period to all her hopes.—Her lamentation, for the loss of a favorite daughter, who died at the age of eighteen, is written in the most pathetic style. In her, says *Madam Dacier*, were united all those virtues and talents, which can render a woman truly amiable. This incon-

solable mother, has immortalized her own grief, and the merit of her daughter in her preface to the Iliad, in which she has raised a monument to her memory, more durable, than either bronze or marble. This elogium has been esteemed as a *chef-d'œuvre*, not inferior to any thing of the kind, either ancient or modern.

AFTER having said thus much of Madam *Dacier's* extraordinary literary talents, the reader must be apprised, that in attempting to convey the anguish of her mind for the loss of her beloved child, we can only give a faint out-line of that affliction which she pours forth upon the reader like a flood. Says Madam *Dacier*, "After having finished this preface to the Iliad, it was my fixed intention that the Odessey should have immediately followed; but, I have sustained such a flock,

as

“ as I fear I have not sufficient forti-
 “ tude to support. Let nature and pity
 “ plead my excuse, for this fatal blow
 “ has plunged me into the deepest sor-
 “ row ; sorrow, which I hope intitles
 “ me to some of those indulgences,
 “ which have been shewn even to
 “ great men, under similar circum-
 “ stances. We have lost (continues
 Madam *Dacier*) “ a child of so a-
 “ miable a disposition, that with her, is
 “ gone all our comfort—all our conso-
 “ lation—a child, adorned with every
 “ virtue, to bless us—with every grace
 “ to captivate others—a child that pos-
 “ sessed a vivacity, so governed by dis-
 “ cretion and judgment, that she ren-
 “ dered every moment of our lives de-
 “ licious. But God has denied us a
 “ continuance of so much felicity. In
 “ her, I have lost, not only my child,
 “ but my friend, and inseparable com-
 “ panion—for, from the minute of her
 “ birth

“ birth, to that of her death, we were
 “ never separated.—What a sad separation!
 “ what a lesson! what a change!
 “ Alas! where is that friend, so deeply
 “ interested in all my pursuits? where
 “ is that child that so often terminated
 “ my doubts—from whose conversation
 “ flowed the flowers of language, adorned
 “ with the most refined sentiments and the
 “ chastest ideas. But those joys, are now,
 “ for ever departed; and, are succeeded by
 “ solitude, horror, and despair. Nor can those
 “ literary amusements, the solace of our
 “ unbended hours, any more extend
 “ to us their wonted powers—but on the
 “ contrary, awaken our bosoms, even to
 “ deeper distress.—Under such affliction,
 “ it is impossible for me to proceed in
 “ this work, till God has given me strength
 “ to bear up against such an accumulated
 “ load of misery.”

SOME

SOMEWHAT in this manner, does that susceptible and excellent mother bewail her lost child; but perhaps, instead of attempting to give her own manner of expressing it, we had better have had recourse to Dr. Young, who in lamenting the loss of his wife, after having given to her every virtue, and every excellence, that can adorn a woman, thus concludes.

“ And these were all her own, and
 “ she was mine.—And I was, was most
 “ blest.

BEFORE we quit *Madam Dacier* we will recite what she says of that first, and greatest of all female poets, the renowned *SAPPHO*.

Sappho (says *Madam Dacier*) the admiration of all Greece, was born at *Mytelene*, the principal city in the isle of
 Lesbos,

Lesbos, six hundred years before the christian æra, and who composed in a most masterly manner, many odes, epigrams, elegies, epithalamiums, &c. But nothing ever was so highly finished, and so tender as her love poems;—that even Ovid seems to have drawn from her, his most affecting, and most passionate scenes of love. But of all her inimitable works, there only remains, an hymn to Venus, which has been preserved by *Denis D'Halicarnasse*, and an ode to her lover, which we owe to *Longinus*.—Her unfortunate passion for *Phaon* (a young poet of Erythea) produced from her pen, the most tender complaints, which were expressed in terms the most pathetic, and affecting, that enthusiastic love could inspire.—*Phaon* who detested her above all women, fled into *Sicily*, to avoid seeing her; thither she followed him, and endeavored to inspire him with sentiments

of

of pity, and to compassionate her sufferings, by composing the finest verses that the most tender love was capable of giving birth to. But nothing that she could do, was able to make the least impression on his heart, her presence, and her verses, served only but to augment his disgust.—The unhappy *Sappho*, unable any longer to support the cruel neglect of *Phaon*, threw herself in a fit of despair, into the sea.

WE are surpris'd that Madam *Dacier* should not have mentioned that *Sappho* was a widow. And as she neither possessed youth, or beauty, it was not to be much wondered at, that she did not captivate the youthful *Phaon*, nor has she mentioned her having been surnamed the tenth muse.

MADAM *Dacier* began to give a translation of Virgil, and had proceeded

ed a great way in that work, when her infirmities put a period to all her literary pursuits. She died in August 1720, and was interred in the church of Saint Germain L'Auxerrois.

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MADAME DREUILLET,

AND

MADAME FERRANT,

**B**OTH these ladies gained some reputation from their literary occupations. The first for some poetry, which was much admired; and the other for some letters which were written to the Baron de Breteuil, in a most pleasing and delicate style.

Made-

*Mademoiselle* CATHERINE BERNARD.

**B**ORN at Rouen in 1662 of protestant parents, she was a woman of fine parts, of a sparkling wit, and had an elegant turn of writing. She seems to have inherited these excellent talents from those great models of poetry, *Corneille* and *Fontenelle*, to whom she was nearly related, and with whom she constantly corresponded. She composed some pieces of poetry, by which she gained not only reputation, but she obtained also; the prize at most of the academies in Europe, and received the highest honors, particularly from that most celebrated one of *Padua*. Persons of the first distinction, coveted her esteem, and friendship, and were happy in her society. The King, who never suffered merit, to go unrewarded, grant-

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ed her a pension of six hundred livres\*. She also received another pension from her noble friend, *Madam de Pont-Chartrain*. It was generally thought, however, that the great admiration her works met with, were owing to the assistance of her friend and relation, *Fontenelle*, which may probably, be the truth, if one might judge from a letter which *Fontenelle* wrote to a friend of his upon that subject. Let that be as it may, we cannot think it in the least degrades, or diminishes the merit of a female writer, for having the aid, and assistance, of a man of sense, and judgment. There is so much wit in *Mademoiselle Bernard's* verses, addressed to *Lewis XIV*, in order to induce that monarch to grant her a pension, that we cannot refrain from giving them in her own words:

Sire,

\* About 25*l*. sterling.

Sire, deux cens écus sont ils si nécessaires  
 Au bonheur de l'Etat, au bien de vos affaires,  
 Que sans ma pension vous ne puissiez dompter  
 Les foibles alliés, & du Rhin, & du Tage,  
 A vos armes, Grand Roi, s'ils pouvoient résister,  
 Si pour vaincre l'effort de leur injuste rage,  
 Il falloit ces deux cens écus,  
 Je ne les demanderois plus.

Ne pouvant aux combats, pour vous, perdre la vie,  
 Je voudrois me creuser un illustre tombeau :  
 Et, souffrant une mort, d'un genre tout nouveau,  
 Mourir de faim pour la patrie.

Sire, sans ce secours, tout suivra votre loi,  
 Et vous pouvez en croire Apollon sur sa foi.  
 Le fort n'a point, pour vous, démenti ses oracles.  
 Ah! puisqu'il vous promet miracles sur miracles,  
 Faites-moi vivre & voir tout ce que je prévoi.

*Mlle. Bernard* relates an historical anecdote, that happened at the court of Spain, in the reign of Philip the second, which is highly interesting, and in the original, no less entertaining.— That monarch espoused Elizabeth of France, who was intended, to have been the consort of his son, the infant Don Carlos. And among the maids of

honor who were appointed to attend the young Queen, were two ladies, remarkable for their wit and beauty, but whose dispositions were as opposite as virtue, is from vice. One of these ladies was *Inès de Cordove*, who was in great favor with the Queen, and the other, *Leonora de Silva*.

THE Queen, who constantly retired to her private apartments, after dinner, took with her some of her women, either to converse with, or to read to her. The King, who was not of a very sociable disposition, seldom made one of the Queen's party, but Don Carlos, who secretly fighed for the Queen, and whose amiable disposition and virtues he had been early taught to admire, omitted no opportunity to accompany the Queen on these occasions; and one day, as he was following her to her apartment, the Marquis *de Lerme*, one of



of the most accomplished noblemen of the court, entreated the favor of Don Carlos, that he might be permitted to be of the party also. The Prince, who was no stranger to the Marquis's passion for the lovely *Inès*, granted his request, judging by his own sensations, the inexpressible happiness it would be to the Marquis to be near the object of his love. *Leonora*, flattered herself, that it was upon *her* account, that the Marquis *de Lerme*, was so desirous of being of the party, but she soon had the mortification to perceive the preference was given to *Inès*, which so exasperated this haughty beauty, that from that moment, she breathed only, sentiments of revenge, and impatiently waited for an opportunity of wreaking her vengeance on the Marquis as well as on her hated rival; and unfortunately, an occasion soon offered, which put it in her power to exercise the malevolence of her disposition.

positio n.—The Marquis *de Lerme*, gave a *fete champetre* at his house a few leagues distant from Madrid, to which, most of the court were invited. *Inès* and *Leonora*, were in one coach, escorted by the Marquis *de Lerme*, and Don Lewis (the father of *Inès*) on horse back:—Fording a little river, the horses took fright, and turned out of the road they were to have passed, which so terrified *Inès*, that she jumped out of the coach and into the water, the Marquis *de Lerme*, flew like lightening to her assistance, and immediately conveyed her to a fisherman's hut, almost bereft of life. As soon as she was a little recovered, she had the satisfaction of finding herself under the protection of her lover, who upon every occasion strove to convince her of the sincerity of his passion, and of his zeal to serve her. Meanwhile, Don Lewis was as assiduous in assisting *Leonora*, with whose beauty

beauty he was greatly captivated, which that artful woman no sooner perceived, than she began to conceive some hopes of having it soon in her power, to separate the two lovers, whose total ruin now occupied all her thoughts.

A short time after, the Marquis obtained Don Lewis's consent, to espouse his daughter, of which *Leonora* was no sooner apprised, than she began to set every engine to work, and made use of every treacherous art, that malice could invent, to create a misunderstanding between Don Lewis and the Marquis. The consequence was, that the former broke his promise to the latter, and at the same time commanded his daughter, on peril of his displeasure, never to think of the Marquis any more. Nothing ever equalled the grief and astonishment of the two lovers, who were almost distracted at being thus cruelly separated



separated. They immediately made known their distress to the Queen, who pitying their unhappy condition, promised to use her interest, in endeavoring to prevail upon Don Lewis, to consent to their union. *Leonora*, who was fearful, lest her scheme should be frustrated, took advantage of Don Lewis's passion for her, and made him promise to give *Inès* in marriage to her brother, the Baron *de Silva*.—Don Lewis was too much in love with *Leonora*, to reject this proposition, and told his daughter, that she was to consider the Baron as her future husband. This was a blow which *Inès* but little expected, she therefore with a heart overwhelmed with affliction, threw herself at the Queen's feet, beseeching her to save her from the misery of being married to a man whom she detested, which to her was more cruel, than even depriving her, of the man she loved. The Queen, who was  
deeply

deeply affected with *Inès*'s situation, got the marriage delayed for some months, which was all the favor that could be obtained of Don Lewis, and during this interval, the Marquis and Baron (rival lovers) determined to decide their claim to the fair lady, by the sword, the consequence however was, that both were obliged to quit the kingdom, *Lerme* went into Flanders, where he served a campaign under the *Duke D'Albe*, and on his return to Madrid, he found a most melancholy change had taken place during his absence.

THE Princess *D'Eboli*, one of the court ladies, was passionately in love with Don Carlos, and being unable to support his indifference towards her, began to hate him with equal violence, and therefore by inventing the most wicked falsehoods, made her husband, equally inveterate against that unfortunate

nate Prince, insomuch, that they both conspired against his life, and their infernal plot succeeded, for the King, was inspired with jealousy against the Queen and Don Carlos, and both of them fell victims to his ill founded suspicions, and *Lerme* was fixed upon to carry this dreadful news to France. All the maids of honor were dismissed, and *Inès* returned to her father's house, where she was treated as a disobedient child, and imprisoned in her chamber, without any one being suffered to be about her, in whom she could confide, or unboosom her grief to.

Don Lewis, finding that it would be some time, before the Baron *de Silva* would return to Spain, and perceiving that *Leonora* was averse to his marrying her, before he had disposed of *Inès*, was determined to hasten his daughter's marriage, for which purpose, he fixed upon



upon the Count *de las Torres*, a man far advanced in years, who had served a long time in the army, and was just returned to court, after an absence of eight or ten years. He was well acquainted with *Lerme*, having served with him more than one campaign, but his long absence from Madrid, rendered him entirely ignorant of *Lerme's* passion for *Inès*. The Marquis *de Lerme*, who was in France when he heard the report of *Inès's* intended marriage to the Count, was in the utmost despair, he could not think of staying any longer abroad, under such a dilemma, but left all the affairs which he had been entrusted with, in the hands of a person he could confide in, and without considering he was guilty of a crime which was highly criminal, listened only to the dictates of his unbounded passion for the lovely *Inès*. The extraordinary expedition he used in travelling, added to his anxiety  
of

of mind, threw him into a fever, which for some time retarded his journey, and the news of his having left France, without leave, highly offended the Spanish Monarch, who was too severe, to pardon a fault of such a nature, and therefore gave orders for his being arrested, the minute he arrived at Madrid. A process was then commenced against him, which was conducted with uncommon rigour. Among the number of his judges, were the Count *de las Torres*, and Don Lewis *de Cordove*. Their distinguished rank, and the great authority they bore, rendered them masters of his destiny. *Las Torres*, who was totally ignorant of the Marquis being his rival, was rather disposed to favor him; but Don Lewis, who acted as chief judge, and who *secretly wished to destroy him*, stretched the laws to the utmost of his power, and hoped nothing less would be his sentence, than death, or perpetual imprisonment.

imprisonment. He then informed his daughter, that it was in her power to save the life of the Marquis, provided she would immediately consent to marry the Count *de las Torres*. It may easily be conceived that the unhappy *Inès* would not be long, hesitating what part to act, since the fate of her lover, depended on her complying with the commands of her obdurate father. A few days after therefore, the nuptials were solemnized between Don Lewis and *Leonora*, and on the same day, those of *Inès*, with the Count *de las Torres*, while the unfortunate Marquis was shut up for perpetual imprisonment.

*Inès*, (now Countess *de las Torres*) became almost frantic with grief and despair, the constraint she was under of concealing the misery she suffered, served but to encrease the anguish of her mind. *Elvira*, a young girl, of a most



amiable disposition, and who chiefly attended on the Countess, could not behold her mistress's melancholy situation, without feeling deeply for her woes.—She mingled her tears with those of her unhappy mistress.—The Countess found no other consolation but in the affectionate attachment, of her favorite servant, and would often converse with her, on the subject of her unfortunate passion, yet blushed at the thought of indulging herself with sentiments, so opposite to her duty, and honor.

THE Marquis *de Lerme*, who had been guarded with the utmost rigour, from the time of his arrival at Madrid, was totally ignorant of the destiny of *Inès*. He was not suffered to see any one, but the person who guarded him, and who had the strictest injunction not to let him have, pen, ink or paper. *Elvira*, who sought every occasion to serve and  
to

to console her unhappy mistress, at length found a favorable opportunity offer. It became the duty of her brother, who was an officer, to guard the castle in which the Marquis was confined, during the absence of the Governor, and therefore strongly urged her mistress to embrace so favorable an occasion to alleviate the Marquis's sufferings by writing him a letter which she would engage her brother to deliver.

THE Countess, whose virtue and delicacy was equal to her love, for some time hesitated to comply with *Elvira's* request, or to follow her own inclination, But reflecting that the misfortunes which *Lerme* had been involved in, were upon *her* account, she thought it a piece of injustice to delay a moment so favorable an occasion of writing to him, as it was the only consolation that was in her power to give him.—But how to be-

gin, or what to say, was no small embarrassment:—To tell him that she still loved him, and how much she suffered upon his account, was no difficult task, but at the same time to tell him, that she had bestowed her person upon another, seemed as repugnant to her virtue as delicacy; but at the same time dreading the consequences of his being informed of her marriage, she rather wished it possible to see him, if an interview, could under the present favorable opening be obtained; which *Elvira* perceiving, strongly recommended, assuring her, that she had engaged her brother, not only to secrecy, but to his most friendly offices.—*Two such powerful advocates*, could not, but prevail, yet the thoughts of discovering her marriage overpowered all the happiness of the intended interview: That day, said she, will be the last of his love for me, and I am now perhaps going to deprive him of  
the



the only consolation he has left; namely, that of being his, if he should ever obtain his liberty. She however sent *Elvira* with a letter to prepare him for her reception, charging her not to mention a word of her being married, choosing that he should be informed of that fatal stroke from her own mouth.—

While the Countess was making preparations for this trying interview with the Marquis, there happened, unexpectedly, a favorable change in his fortune. The Prince Don *Juan*, who had a sincere regard for the Marquis *de Lerme*, and wished for nothing so much as to serve him, was silent, till the King's wrath began to subside, and then took an opportunity, when the King was in good humour of mentioning the affairs which *Lerme* was to have negotiated in France. The Prince artfully introduced in this conversation, the Marquis's unfortunate passion for *Inès*, to

which he imputed all the errors which he had committed, and doubted not, but love, not want of duty, was the instigator of all his misconduct in leaving France. His arguments had the desired effect;—the King was appeased; and even permitted the Prince to give the Marquis hopes of his future favor, and ordered him to be immediately released from his confinement. This grace the Marquis received almost at the same instant that *Elvira* arrived at the castle with the Countess's letter. It may easily be conceived, the transports of joy which *Lerme* felt at so much unexpected good fortune. The first questions he put to *Elvira*, was to enquire after his beloved *Inès*, whether she was married, and whether she still loved him? *Elvira* was silent as to that part, relative to her mistress's marriage, but assured him, that he had great reason to rest satisfied as to her unlimited affection for him, which was  
rather

rather encreased, than diminished since his misfortunes. Seeing the Marquis was now at liberty, *Elvira* thought it would not be proper for her mistress to go to the castle, and therefore proposed to conduct the Marquis to an apartment (a little distance from where the Countess lived) belonging to a merchant, who was out of town: But before they set out from the castle, *Lerme* received another message from the Prince, who acquainted him, that he proposed that day to conduct him to the King, and begged of him to repair to the palace as soon as possible, to acknowledge the King's grace, and to receive his pardon at the foot of the throne. However desirous the Marquis might be of obtaining the King's favor, he was much more impatient to see himself in the favor of his beloved mistress; he therefore instantly followed *Elvira*, who soon conducted him to the merchant's house, and ran  
to



to inform the Countess of all that had passed, and pressed her to lose no time in going to the Marquis. The Countess upon the point of setting out, perceived, that she wanted resolution to put her design into execution—a thousand different passions agitated her soul. The step which she was preparing to take, seemed to her, inconsistent with either virtue, or prudence; the struggles she felt between virtue and love, caused such a violent conflict within her breast, that it staggered her reason. The disgrace on one side if she should be discovered—and the misfortunes, on the other which it might again involve her lover in, were equally alarming.—In short, such reflections as naturally arose under such a critical situation, tortured her mind, and kept her in a state of the utmost inquietude. At this instant, the Count her husband, came in, and informed her, that he was just going  
by

by the King's order to the Escorial, to give some further instructions about the buildings, and said, he should not return till the next morning.

THE Countess now finding herself at full liberty, was determined to take this favorable advantage of her husband's absence, yet her former scruples still crowded powerfully on her mind, but at last, she determined to put on a disguised dress which *Elvira* had prepared for the purpose, and then set, trembling out, to the place appointed for the distressed interview. *Elvira* staid in her mistress's apartment, and in case the Count should return before he set off for the Escorial, she was to say that her mistress having the head-ach had lain down. The Countess soon arrived undiscovered at the house where the Marquis was waiting with the utmost impatience.

It

It is not in the power of either a tongue to express, or a pen to describe, the feelings of the two lovers, when first they met—but with this difference, that the Marquis looked upon it, that his sufferings were now all at an end, concluding, that there now could be no bar to that happiness which he had so long sighed for, and for which he had suffered so much misery. The Countess, on the other hand, felt all her joy imbibited from knowing that his happiness would be of so short a duration. But while she was considering the manner in which she should discover to him the fatal secret, she was obliged to remind him that the time was passed, which the King had appointed for him to be at the palace, for she dreaded his running the least risque of again offending his sovereign; she therefore pressed him to go without further delay, but she could not prevail upon him to depart, till she  
had



had promised to stay where she was, till he returned from court. But here a circumstance arose, which did not a little embarrass them, the door of the room in which they were, could not be fastened on the inside, but by a secret known only to the master of the house, a mode of security, not uncommon among the Spaniards, whose extreme jealousy make them take all possible precaution to secure the fidelity of their wives. Under this dilemma, one method only could be taken, which was, for the Marquis to lock the door on the outside, to put the key in his pocket, and to return the very instant he was able to quit the King.—During the Marquis's absence, and the Countess's durance, she remained in a situation, more easy to be conceived than described. She had now leisure to make reflections on the step she had taken, which she could not think of without horror,

horror, and already repented her having been surpris'd into a conduct which seem'd to threaten the most serious consequences; under such a state of mind, each moment appear'd to her, insupportably long. She fear'd that *Lerme* might not have it in his power to return so soon as he wish'd, or she expected, and even tortured herself with suspicions even to jealousy, which proves, that those who love, never fail creating themselves imaginary misery by way of addition to their real misfortunes.— Thus did the Countess torture her mind, with the most painful ideas her imagination could suggest. Don *Juan* presented *Lerme* to the King, who indeed pardon'd him, but with a countenance full of that severity which denoted the rigidity of his disposition, and *Lerme* was impatiently preparing to retire, when the stern Monarch (who intended to talk to him about the affairs

he

he was sent to negotiate in France) ordered him to wait in his closet, saying, with a grave smile, “ I do not imagine  
 “ you will think it very hard, to spend  
 “ a few hours there, after having spent  
 “ so many weeks in prison.” *Lerme* shuddered at this order, death at that moment would have appeared to him less cruel. He knew not how to extricate himself from so sad a condition; his fears of offending the King, and the situation of his beloved *Inès*, pulled such contrary ways, that it almost rent his heart. To discover the truth, was the height of indiscretion—not to return, had the appearance of the utmost degree of unpardonable neglect. He then considered there was but one method, to obtain a temporary relief to both, which was to find some friend at court in whom he could so far confide, as to entrust him with the key of the apartment where *Inès* was shut up; and

Vol. II. R perceiving



perceiving the King employed in looking over some papers, he determined to avail himself of that favorable opportunity to trust his friend the Count *de las Torres*, with his critical situation, only concealed the lady's name, not having the most distant idea, that he was the *last* man in the kingdom to whom such a secret should be revealed. The unsuspecting Count however (who sincerely esteemed the Marquis) took the key, and with vows of the most inviolable secrecy, promised to execute the trust reposed in him instantly. The Marquis *de Lerme* had indeed been informed that the lovely *Inès* had been commanded by her father to marry some nobleman of the court, but imagined it to be the Baron *de Silva* with whom he had fought.

THE Countess whose mind was equally tortured with remorse and fear, stood  
 impatiently

impatiently watching at the window the arrival of *Lerme*, But good God, what was her astonishment when she beheld her husband at a little distance off! at the sight of whom she was near fainting away.—But she soon experienced what degree of terror the human mind can be put to, for in an instant after, she found that her husband and she were under the same roof, and that if she could not conceal herself, her life, and fame must fall together. To make her escape, seemed next to impossible, but in searching for a place to conceal herself, she fortunately found a little door (that till then had escaped her notice) and which by a violent effort she burst open, and found an assylum for her body, and a little repose to her affected soul, by so miraculously escaping the just wrath of her husband. In the apartment to which she had escaped, she found a woman, whom she entreated to

save her life, and to conceal her in some obscure part of the house. The woman, though greatly surpris'd, could not help being touched with pity, seeing so beautiful a person under such apparent distress, and very humanely conducted her to a little hamlet in which the mother of *Elvira* lived, to whom she immediately repaired for shelter. The Count *de las Torres* had made many reflections on the disorder in which he found the Marquis, and the pressing manner with which he had entreated him to open the door. The difficulties he found in fixing his marriage with *Inès* immediately occurred to his imagination, which, with some other circumstances, did not fail to create that distrust, and jealousy, so natural to the suspicious mind of a Spaniard. In short, he began to fear that his own wife might be a party in this adventure, and yet, if this was the case, (said he)

would



would the Marquis have employed me of all men breathing on such an errand? Surely not. Thus did he argue within himself till he had opened the door; and though he did not believe he had any solid reasons, whereon to ground the least suspicion, yet, as if he had a *pressentiment* of his misfortune, he had not the power to resist the opportunity of satisfying his curiosity, in spite of the promise he had made to the Marquis; he therefore not only examined the apartment, but every corner of the house, but not finding her, or any other person there, he impatiently returned home, where he hoped to remove his fears by the presence of the Countess.

As soon as the Marquis *de Lerme* had satisfied the King as to every particular, concerning the affairs he had been entrusted with, in France, he took his leave and flew back to the apartment

where he was in some hopes of finding the Countess. But when he found she was gone, he felt deeply affected at so unfortunate an adventure, not knowing what she would think of his conduct, a conduct, which must have appeared to her so strange, and unaccountable—he therefore immediately set out with an intention of seeing, and getting information from the Count *de las Torres*.——In the mean time, the Count returned to his own house, and inquired of *Elvira* for his wife, who answered, that her mistress being rather indisposed, had retired to her closet with orders not to be disturbed. The Count not satisfied with such an answer, at such a time, insisted upon the door being opened; *Elvira*, under a pretence of bringing the key, slipped out of the room, and ran to inform her mistress of what had happened—but to her great surprize, found that she had quitted the apartment:

apartment: But while she stood considering what step to take, she met the Marquis *de Lerme* going to the Count's her master. She then informed him of all that had passed, adding, that every thing was in the utmost confusion there, on account of his missing his wife.—

Astonishment, grief, and despair seized the unhappy Marquis, who now began to comprehend the mistake he had been guilty of—distracted with such accumulated misfortunes, he instantly threw himself upon his sword. The moment *Elvira* perceived what he had done, she called out for assistance, and he was immediately carried to his father's house, a surgeon was called in, who pronounced the wound not to be mortal. *Elvira* being unable to find her mistress, durst not venture to return to the Count's, but went to her mother, where she found her unhappy mistress, to whom she related the fatal news of the Count's fury, and



and the Marquis's despair. The Countess, who was overwhelmed with the weight of her sorrows, remained for some time almost motionless; but as soon as she recovered a little from that stupor into which excess of grief had thrown her, she thought it absolutely necessary to consider of some retreat, more private and concealed, than that she was in. To return home, she looked upon to be returning to inevitable death, as it would be impossible to think of convincing the Count, that the utmost extent of her crime was but indiscretion, when appearances of the most criminal guilt, were so strong against her. In this dilemma, she applied to the mother of *Elvira*, to advise her how to act, and where to go? The good old woman who affectionately loved the Countess, was pierced to the soul to behold her distressed situation. She therefore entreated of her not to think of any other home

home but hers, and therefore begged that she would permit her to conduct her to a small farm she had a few leagues from Madrid, where she should be welcome to partake with her, the little pittance she possessed. This kind offer was accepted of by the Countess, who expressed her most grateful acknowledgements for her generous attachment to her; and that very evening, the Countess, *Elvira*, and her mother, set out for the little farm, which consisted of a lonely house situated on the margin of a thick forrest, to which there was a garden, and a few acres of land. In this solitude, she determined to spend the remainder of her wretched life.

MEANTIME the Count *de las Torres*, after having given vent to the first transports of his fury, and searching almost every house in Madrid and the places adjacent for his wife, began to give up  
all

all thoughts of ever seeing her more, when an adventure happened, which roused his resentment, and again brought his misfortunes afresh to his mind.

ONE evening as the Countess, and *Elvira* were taking a turn in a little park which was fenced by a quickset hedge close to their house, they saw a man on horse back, enter a breach in the hedge, who by his air, they judged to be a man of quality, he rode up towards them, making many apologies for intruding upon their land, but said, he had no other way left to avoid being pursued by some robbers who had attacked him, one of whom he had shot, and fearing that the rest of the gang would make reprisals on him for the loss of their companion, he galloped off with the utmost speed, and having fortunately discovered a breach in the hedge, took that only method in his power, of saving  
his



his life, and desired their permission to ride through the paddock and go out on the opposite side. The robbers having missed their prey, and observing a house near, precipitately took another road.

THE Countess *de las Torres*, as soon as he was gone, felt great uneasiness, having recollected him to be the Baron *de Silva*, and was fearful that he too, might recollect her, having unfortunately come out unveiled;\* as soon as *Elvira* returned from conducting the stranger to the other side of the park, she began to think seriously of this unforeseen accident, which she feared might defeat all her precautions to conceal herself from the world. They spent the rest of the evening, consulting what  
was

\* The ladies in Spain always appear veiled, when they walk out.

was best to be done, the result was, another retreat, at least for the present; and it was determined that the Countess and *Elvira* should change their abode the next morning. Nor were they mistaken as to their conjectures, for the pursued stranger proved to be the Baron *de Silva* who was just returned into Spain, and knowing the Countess, no sooner reached Madrid, than he went to the Count *de las Torres*, and informed him of his adventure, at the same time offered to conduct him to the place where the Countess was concealed, next morning they set off by break of day for the Countess's retreat, and arrived there, before she and *Elvira* had put their design into execution. The enraged husband entered the house with fury darting from his eyes, demanding of the servant where the Countess was? The servant, who was quite ignorant of his mistress's real name and quality, answered, that  
there

there was no such person as he described lived there, and that he certainly must have mistaken the house.—The Count without waiting to make reply, rushed into the apartment where his wife was, with his drawn sword.—The Countess had suffered too much, and had drank too deeply of the bitter cup of affliction, not to feel sufficiently weary of life, which made her receive him with uncommon firmness of mind. But the surprise of seeing her husband in that place, joined to her contempt of death, which she now expected would be her immediate fate, had cast such a fire into her eyes, and such an indignant glow of resigned beauty over her countenance, that it disarmed the hand just uplifted to take vengeance on the imaginary wrongs, which he believed to be real.—So dropping his sword from his hand, he gave her an opportunity of taking it up, she then threw herself at his feet,

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and pointing it to her own breast, desired him, if he believed her guilty, not to spare, but strike home, for to the condition (said she) to which I am now reduced, it is less cruel to deprive me of life, than to spare it. In saying which, she burst into a flood of tears. The Count had no power to reply.—He appeared fascinated with her beauty, and looked upon her with eyes, which discovered to her that all his former tenderness, had again taken possession of his soul; and after a long and affecting pause, he addressed her as follows. “ Alas! Madam who is it that would “ not believe you to be innocent?— “ Perhaps you deceive me—but I am “ ready to bury all in oblivion—I have “ neither desire, or power of doing “ you the least injury.” Saying which, they both burst into tears.

THE

THE Countess, then related to her husband, every thing which had happened to her, both before, and since her marriage, without disguising the least circumstance. He listened with extraordinary attention to all she said, and seemed exceedingly astonished at many parts of her affecting story, a story, to which he had been totally ignorant. In her recital she discovered so much susceptibility of soul, so much virtue, and delicacy of sentiment, that her husband in spite of his own misfortunes, was unable to withhold from her his pity, and compassion. He even entreated of her to return with him to Madrid, since he was confidently assured of her virtue, and innocence, and wished to make it public to all the world. The Countess felt greatly affected with having obtained her husband's forgiveness, but begged he would permit her to spend the rest of her days in retire-

ment, which now best suited a mind, which had for ever lost all relish for public society. At length, her husband consented to grant her request, only begged she would quit that retreat for one more suitable to her quality; she then agreeable to his earnest solicitation, repaired to a country seat which he had near Madrid, where by his permission the faithful *Elvira* accompanied her mistress.

IN a short time after, the Count received an employment from the King, which obliged him to go into Flanders. The Countess, tho' still a stranger to happiness, enjoyed more repose, and peace of mind in her new solitude, than she had for a long time been accustomed to: But her misfortunes were not yet at an end, her unalterable love for the Marquis, again continued to disturb her repose.

IT



It happened that the Duke *de Lerme* (father to the Marquis) had rendered some important service to the Duchess *de Fèria*, who was a near neighbour of the Countess *de las Torres*. The Duchess, who wished to acknowledge the obligations she was under to the Duke, in person, gave him an invitation to her house, from which time, the Duke often visited her, and expressed how happy he should be, if an alliance could be formed between her family, and his. The Duchess received the Duke's compliment in a manner, which shewed that her wishes coincided with his. He then proposed a match between his son the Marquis *de Lerme*, and her daughter *Casilda*, who was remarkably beautiful and accomplished.

THE Duke upon finding that this proposal was not in the least relished by his son, was highly displeased, and be-

gan to treat him with unusual coolness, which at last determined the Marquis to pay a visit to *Casilda*, whose beauty, powerful as it was, did not make the least impression upon a heart too deeply engaged elsewhere. At this time, there subsisted a great friendship between the Duchefs *de Fèria*, and the Countess *de las Torres*, who often visited each other. It happened one morning when the Marquis came to wait upon *Casilda*, that he met the Countess coming out of the Duchefs's apartment. The surprize, and agitation which both felt, is easy to be conceived. The Countess soon learnt the cause, and would have feared the consequences of his visits there, had he not secured that occasion of describing to her the wretched state of his mind, and the injustice he should be guilty of in marrying *Casilda*, while his heart was insensible to every impression of love but to her alone. The Countess,

tefs, whose virtue had hitherto supported her amidst all her afflictions, did not forsake her upon this severe trial. She even had the resolution, and fortitude to persuade the Marquis to marry *Casilda*. She knew, with reason, that her own virtue would be suspected, if once she was to obstruct that alliance.

“ I look upon it, (said she) that I have  
 “ still some influence over you, convince me therefore, that I am not  
 “ wrong in my conjectures, I do entreat of you to marry *Casilda*, and  
 “ conjure you to think no more of me,  
 “ —if you do not promise me, and  
 “ comply with my earnest request, I will  
 “ fly for ever from your sight, for whatever pain your marriage, or absence  
 “ may occasion to me, your presence, circumstanced as I am, will be no  
 “ less grievous, doomed as I am, to  
 “ wretchedness, and misery; convince  
 “ the world, at least, that you are no  
 “ longer



“ longer attached to me, nay, endeavor  
 “ vor to make me think so too.—If  
 “ you really love me, shew me that  
 “ my honor and reputation is dearer  
 “ to you than your own happiness.”

“ IF Madam, (replied the Marquis)  
 “ through an excess of love without  
 “ example, I am induced to obey your  
 “ severe commands, you will then be-  
 “ hold me with an eye of indifference,  
 “ and as one to be regarded only as  
 “ the husband of *Casilda*——and is this  
 “ all the recompense I am to receive,  
 “ for having sacrificed myself in obedi-  
 “ ence to your will?” But the Coun-  
 tesses still persisted on his complying with  
 her earnest request, and his father’s pos-  
 sitive commands. She then endeavored  
 to reconcile him to his destiny, and to  
 support it with fortitude: she set before  
 him so uncommon an example of virtue,  
 that he durst not even venture to com-  
 plain

plain to her of his unhappy fate. A few weeks after, the Countess perceiving that there were no preparations for the marriage, left the Duchess *de Fèria's* apartment rather abruptly when the Marquis entered; he was unable to bear the rigor with which the Countess treated him, he found himself compelled to obey, he was unable to live without seeing her, and he perceived she was determined to avoid him till he had complied with her rigorous sentence. Accordingly, he repaired to his father's house, and told him that all was ready for the espousal of *Casilda*. Though his conscience reproached him for marrying so amiable a lady, whilst his heart was so affectionately devoted to another, yet he found it in vain to oppose the rigorous commands of the Countess: In short his love for her, overcome all his scruples of conscience relative to any one else. The Duke *de Lermé*

*Lerme* was exceedingly pleased to find his son ready to comply with his wishes, and took immediately an advantage of the humour he found him in, to hasten the marriage. The next day, he informed the *Duchess de Fèria* of it, whose eagerness for the match, was equal to that of the Duke's.

THE *Duchess* who highly respected the virtuous conduct of the *Countess de las Torres*, paid her a visit, and acquainted her that the marriage was to be solemnized the next day;—a fatal day to all parties!—For on the morning of the nuptials, the *Countess* received news of her husband's death in Flanders.—What an affliction! this was a blow that struck her more deeply than almost any she had yet felt! To find herself at liberty on the very day that she had compelled *Lerme* to lose his, and to espouse another was too



too much.—It is true, he was not yet married—but how to suffer him to break his word with the Duchess, seemed impossible, yet, she wished him at least *to know* her situation, without its appearing to come from herself. The death of the Count was not publicly known, she therefore sent to the Duchess *de Fèria*, to acquaint her, that she could not possibly wait upon her, having just received an account of her husband's death; a piece of news she thought must inevitably reach the ears of the Marquis; but the message being only received by the Duchess, she did not think it a proper time to inform the Marquis of it, conceiving it might awaken his tenderness for the Countess, and be the means of breaking off his marriage with *Casilda*; she therefore even took the precaution to forbid any one speaking to him, or carrying any letters to him, being fearful that the

Countess

Countess herself might inform him.—When the Countess found that the message was known only to the Duchess, she began to fear that the Marquis would be informed *too late*.—In this sad situation, her mind experienced the greatest extreme, which passion, love, modesty, and fear could blend together in a susceptible heart, unable to prevail upon herself to inform the Marquis of her present situation, she determined to consult her faithful *Elvira*, but she found that *Elvira* was already gone to the Duchess *de Fèria's*, and then began to hope the news would be conveyed to the Marquis in the manner she wished, and without her being the immediate conveyer of it, but finding *Elvira* stay longer than she expected, she determined to write to the Marquis and acquaint him with the news herself, but before she had well begun her letter, she was informed that the marriage ceremony

was performed, and without the Marquis's knowledge of the additional affliction which was so closely combined with his new alliance. At this news she sunk motionless in her chair, and was so overcome with affliction and grief, that it was some time, before she was able to speak, as soon as she saw *Elvira*, she enjoined her not to say a word upon the sad subject of her woe; but let us depart (said the Countess) I have nothing more to do in this world, but to let my soul at least profit by my misfortunes. The next day, accompanied by *Elvira*, she went and shut herself up in a convent.

THE Marquis *de Lerne* heard of the Count's death, the day after his marriage, upon the news of which, he fell into the utmost despair. He went to the convent to which the Countess had retired, but he neither was permitted



to see her, or to write to her; he then became frantic with grief, the agitation of mind in which his marriage with the woman he did not love, and the loss of the woman he did, was too much for his body and mind to sustain, it threw him into a violent fever, which carried him off in a few days.

THE many interesting incidents in the above story, and its being founded on facts, will we hope, be a sufficient apology for giving so long a specimen of *Madam Bernard's* writings, though we must confess, it has no pretensions to be called a translation, but rather the out line of a complicated scene of woes, which beset two virtuous people, who merited a better fate, and which is perhaps the next afflicting story of love to that of *Eloisa and Abailard*.

THE

## THE COUNTESS DE MURAT.

THIS noble and celebrated lady was the daughter of the Marquis *de Castelnau*, Governor of Brest, who died of a wound he had received before *Utrecht*, and grand-daughter to the Count *de Daugnon*, Marshal of France. But we are not able to trace the exact time of the Countess's birth, and only know, that she was a cotemporary with *Mlle. Bernard*, who was born in 1662, of whom we have already spoken. She was very young when she married the Count *de Murat*, and her uncommon vivacity, and turn for pleasure, gave occasion for many reports concerning her, not quite consistent with a woman of strict virtue; though it was generally thought that she was not in reality, so criminal, as the levity of her conduct, gave room to suspect. After the death

of her husband, the King ordered her to retire to *Auch*; but the cause of her disgrace, was not publicly known, it was only conjectured, that she had displeased the King, in some thing relative to an intrigue he had with some favorite lady of the court, which gave occasion for the *Abbè Lenglet* to say, that she was well known *dans le monde galant & remuant*. On the death of the King, however, the Countess obtained her liberty, by the favor of the Duke of Orleans, then Regent, but she did not long enjoy the sweets of freedom, dying the year following at the age of fifty.

A sprightly turn of wit, and a natural unaffected flow of language, characterizes the chief of her writings; of these we will select a few, which appear the most interesting, there may at least be found some amusement, if not improvement



provement, for it may justly be observed, that *Madam de Murat Badine plutôt qu'elle ne Travaille.* But that the reader may form a just idea of this lady, we will give a few extracts from her own life, written by herself, which proves that the misfortunes, and imprudent conduct of women, oftener arise from the ill effects of a *wrong* education, than from vicious inclinations, (at least we hope so, for the honor of the sex.)

“ It is not, (says *Madam de Murat*)  
 “ merely for the sake of my own justification, that I undertake to write  
 “ the history of my life: The noise  
 “ which my indiscretions have made in  
 “ the world, has sufficiently punished  
 “ me for my vanity, and my consolation is, the consciousness of my own  
 “ innocence, and knowing how little I  
 “ have deserved the calumny of my  
 “ enemies. Though I must confess,

T. 3

that.

“ that I deserve the misery I suffer,  
 “ when I reflect how much occasion I  
 “ have given for such severe reflections  
 “ on my conduct : But surely, some al-  
 “ lowances ought to have been made  
 “ for the errors and foibles of an infant,  
 “ for I was scarcely turned of twelve  
 “ years, when first my misfortunes and  
 “ my indiscretions began.—My mother  
 “ was but sixteen, when she brought  
 “ me into the world, and as she remain-  
 “ ed ten years without having another  
 “ child, I was looked upon as sole heir-  
 “ ess, and inheriter of all the dignities,  
 “ and great possessions of my father’s  
 “ house. My mother was too young,  
 “ however, to suffer a child, who was  
 “ growing *rather tall* to be so near her,  
 “ as she thought it would make her ap-  
 “ pear the older, therefore I was re-  
 “ moved, and brought up under the  
 “ eye of my grand-mother, who had  
 “ for me, that blind love and partiality,  
 “ which

“ which persons advanced in years,  
 “ generally feel for grand-children, in  
 “ whom they fondly imagine, they see  
 “ their own lives continued, and their  
 “ name and family preserved. She  
 “ took infinite pains to inspire me with  
 “ high notions of my merit and birth,  
 “ and to instil as much vanity into my  
 “ mind as she felt herself ; and the first  
 “ thing I learnt, was to know that I  
 “ was extremely beautiful, and was  
 “ formed to be distinguished among  
 “ those of the very first condition.—  
 “ Whilst I was thus puffed up with the  
 “ idea of my own consequence, and  
 “ future expectations of greatness, news  
 “ came of my mother being brought to  
 “ bed of a son. I was then just turned  
 “ of eleven. All my grand-mother’s  
 “ affection for me was now transferred  
 “ to my brother. She ceased her wont-  
 “ ed indulgence to me, and no longer  
 “ flattered my beauty, or even gave  
 “ me



“ me the least hope of a future establish-  
 “ ment, my brother ravished from me  
 “ all those advantages, and now she  
 “ endeavoured to *inspire* me with no  
 “ other taste but for a convent, and  
 “ told me it was their fixed resolution  
 “ to send me to one immediately.—It  
 “ may easily be conceived, that such a  
 “ destination, could not appear but  
 “ with horror to a young girl, whose  
 “ vanity and expectations had been so  
 “ highly pampered, and who had ex-  
 “ perience every indulgence that an  
 “ over fondness could devise.”

IN short, the young *Henriette Julia*  
*de Castelnau* (for that was the Countess's  
 maiden name) was put into a convent,  
 where she was totally neglected, nor  
 indeed did she receive there, the least  
 instructions, which could tend to the  
 forming her mind for true piety, wisdom  
 or virtue. For even supposing the re-  
 ligious

ligious persons who inhabit those holy mansions, to be thoroughly devout and pious themselves, they are in general too ignorant, and too illiterate, to be capable of forming the manners, or inculcate those sentiments into the minds of young people, so necessary for their well being, when admitted into society, and even the very few among them, who have naturally good understandings, are quite unfit to educate young girls destined for the world, as they are totally unacquainted with that kind of worldly discretion, and worldly knowledge, so necessary to guard the unwary and innocent, from falling a sacrifice to the artifices of wicked and designing men.

“ THE reading of romances\* (continued)

\* Nothing tends more to the corruption of the *minds* of young people, particularly of young women, than the reading of romances; and when the *mind* is corrupted,

“ tinues Madam *de Murat*) caused me  
 “ to make many reflections concerning  
 “ the subjects they treated on, and  
 “ which I had not been able till some  
 “ time after I had been in the convent,  
 “ to comprehend. I had learnt from  
 “ them, that there was a passion which  
 “ gave a woman absolute empire over  
 “ men. I felt a secret joy at the idea,  
 “ that I perhaps might have pretensions  
 “ to that empire as well as another, if  
 “ I had but an opportunity of exerting  
 “ my powers;—in short, I remembered  
 “ that when I was with my grand-  
 “ mother, there often came to visit us,  
 “ a man of quality, who used to take  
 “ great notice of me, and call me his  
 “ little queen; I recalled to mind his  
 “ fondness of me, and I made not the  
 “ least

rupted, the *person* is always in danger; for however  
 chaste the language may be, the sentiments are of the  
 most inflammatory kind; nay the purest language, often  
 conveys the deepest mischief.



“ least doubt, but that his attachment  
 “ to me, was the effect of that passion,  
 “ which I had seen so often described  
 “ in romances. Although I was but  
 “ little more than twelve years old, I  
 “ regretted nothing so much as my  
 “ having been so long ignorant, and  
 “ that I had not better employed my  
 “ influence over my lover, for such I  
 “ believed him to be. As he was a  
 “ man of high rank, and seemed to me,  
 “ to possess more merit than any other  
 “ that I had been acquainted with, I  
 “ thought him the most worthy of my  
 “ regard and tenderness, therefore I  
 “ was determined to invite him to come  
 “ and see me ; and felt greatly rejoiced  
 “ at the thoughts of the glory which  
 “ would accrue to me, for making a man  
 “ of his consequence submit to my laws.  
 “ I was too young to take such a step  
 “ from any other motive than mere  
 “ vanity ; for to speak the truth, I was  
 at

“ at that time a stranger to any other  
 “ passion, the method I took to engage  
 “ the Marquis *de Blossac* (for that was  
 “ his name) to visit me, was to write to  
 “ him, and without knowing well what  
 “ I did, I copied from some of the ro-  
 “ mances I had by me, every thing that  
 “ appeared to me *apropos*, making use  
 “ of the most tender and passionate ex-  
 “ pressions I could find, without my  
 “ heart being the least a party, or sus-  
 “ pecting I had done any harm in writ-  
 “ ing such a letter. At length, the  
 “ Marquis came, and as he found my  
 “ beauty much improved, he soon be-  
 “ came inspired with real sentiments of  
 “ tenderness for me; he bestowed a  
 “ thousand caresses on me, and pro-  
 “ mised to renew his visits, which were,  
 “ perhaps happily for me, prevented  
 “ by the nuns having intercepted his  
 “ letters, which gave them reason to  
 “ suspect more than was really true.”

THE

THE parents of *Julia*, were soon apprised of their daughter's conduct in the convent, and looked upon her as a girl whose reputation was utterly undone. Her mother, who now hated her more than ever, tried every effort in her power, to make her daughter take the veil. This, *Julia* opposed with tears and entreaties, by which means she won upon her father to commiserate her situation, and endeavor, if possible, to conceal her disgrace from the world, by going with her into *Provence*, and placing her with a prudent and worthy family who lived very retired, where some time after, she married the Count *de Murat*, but did not enjoy much felicity in the conjugal state, partly owing to the malice of some of her enemies, who had informed her husband of what had passed at the convent, and as he was naturally of an extremely jealous disposition, he would often cast on her,

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the most bitter reproaches, for having, as he said, discovered so early an inclination for intrigue, and though she gave him no real cause for complaint, yet, he could not be persuaded of her innocence, looking upon it as a certain truth, that a husband's honor is never safe in the hands of a woman who has once deviated from the paths of virtue.

“ His treatment therefore, (says Madam *de Murat*) became daily more  
 “ insupportable, having taken it in his  
 “ head, that my heart was engaged elsewhere, though I had not given him  
 “ the least occasion to suspect me of  
 “ being false to him, so far from it,  
 “ that I was constantly on my guard  
 “ in respect to my conduct, well knowing how much he was prejudiced against me, on account of my childish indiscretions, which had been painted to him in the most unfavorable  
 light,

“ light, that malice could invent. But  
 “ it was not long, before he had unfor-  
 “ tunately a plausible reason to exercise  
 “ his jealous disposition, which made  
 “ him more outrageous than ever, this  
 “ was no other than the Marquis *de*  
 “ *Blossac*, who travelling into *Provence*,  
 “ accompanied by some friends, came  
 “ with them to see me. I was sitting a-  
 “ lone in the castle, when they an-  
 “ nounced his arrival. It is impossible  
 “ to express how much I was agitated at  
 “ seeing a man, who had been once so  
 “ dear to me, nor could I help feeling  
 “ some confusion at the sight of one,  
 “ to whom I had betrayed so much folly,  
 “ and for whom I had suffered so much  
 “ in my reputation ; after the first com-  
 “ pliments were over, his friends beg-  
 “ ged leave to see the apartments, and  
 “ walk about the castle, the magnifi-  
 “ cence, and beauty of which, they  
 “ highly extolled. As soon as the Mar-

" quis found them sufficiently engaged,  
 " he flew back to the apartment where  
 " I then was, and expressed in the ten-  
 " derest terms, how much he loved me,  
 " and that he could not without being  
 " guilty of injustice, deprive himself  
 " of a heart, which I had once given  
 " him. I had however, the fortitude,  
 " and prudence, in spite of my feelings,  
 " to entreat him never to think of me  
 " any more, at least never to visit, or  
 " even write to me on any account ;  
 " but during this conversation, my hus-  
 " band came in, who could not but  
 " perceive the tears which were ready  
 " to flow in *Blossac's* eyes and mine own,  
 " nor the disorder we felt ; but he so  
 " well dissembled his rage, and did the  
 " honors of his house with so much  
 " seeming satisfaction, that it was im-  
 " possible for the company to suspect  
 " his inward chagrin. But the moment  
 " they were gone, he began to reproach  
 " me



“ me with my former conduct towards  
 “ *Blossac*, and taxed me with having  
 “ given him encouragement to visit me.  
 “ He was deaf to every thing I could  
 “ say, in my own vindication, told me  
 “ he would not be the dupe to my gal-  
 “ lantries, and ordered me never to  
 “ stir out of the castle without his per-  
 “ mission.”

THE cruel treatment that the Coun-  
 tefs met with from her husband, deter-  
 mined her to quit his castle, and go to  
 Paris, where she underwent the cruelest  
 persecutions, both from her husband,  
 and her mother. The blackest asper-  
 sions were thrown on her character, and  
 every circumstance exaggerated by the  
 envenomed tongue of slander; in short,  
 she was reduced to the utmost distress,  
 insomuch, that she was scarce able to  
 purchase the necessaries of life, and was  
 obliged to receive succours from some

of her friends who endeavored to assist her in suing for a separate maintenance. Whilst matters were in this situation, a young man, named *Saint Albè*, son to the judge who was charged with *Madam de Murat's* process, often visited the Countess, whose beauty and captivating manner, made the deepest impression on him, but he did not presume to discover his passion, by any other token, than by the most profound respect, and by his assiduities to serve her. The judge, who was also enamoured of the Countess, soon perceived he had a rival in his son, who he immediately deprived of liberty, making him a prisoner in his own house. The Countess was no stranger to *Saint Albè's* passion, nor indeed to her own, for she certainly loved him; yet, after using every means in her power to prevail upon his father to give him his liberty, she had the fortitude, when she had succeeded,

ceeded, to refuse receiving his visits\*. Some time after, *Saint Albè* happened to be in company with the Marquis *de Montalzac*, who had spoken with some disrespect of the Countess, the other very highly resented it, upon which, they fought, and *Saint Albè* was so dangerously wounded that his life was for some time despaired of, but even that circumstance did not soften his father's resentment against him; on the contrary, the old gentleman ordered his will to be made wherein he disinherited his son, but being suddenly seized with a fever, died without having been able to sign it.

# THE

\* In France such denials as those were not usual, it was England alone, where at *that time*, the purity of the women's manners were as remarkable as their superior beauty, but if the observation of some great men be true, that the first symptoms of a falling empire is to be seen in the profligacy of women, we cannot help trembling for the fate of Britain.



“ THE first thing (continues Madam  
 “ *de Murat*) *Saint Albè* did when he  
 “ took possession of his father's wealth,  
 “ was to come, and offer it to me.—  
 “ He told me I was mistress of all he  
 “ possessed, and entreated me in the  
 “ most tender and respectful terms, not  
 “ to refuse his offer. I was highly  
 “ struck with these noble sentiments of  
 “ generosity which greatly endeared  
 “ him to me, but I was fully deter-  
 “ mined never to accept of it. As I  
 “ found that his friends pressed him to  
 “ marry, I even strongly recommend-  
 “ ed it to him to follow their advice.  
 “ He protested to me how impossible it  
 “ was for him to love any other woman,  
 “ and that I should drive him to the ut-  
 “ most despair if I mentioned that sub-  
 “ ject any more to him. I told him that  
 “ his attachment to me, and his fre-  
 “ quent visits, would give fresh occa-  
 “ sion to my enemies to blacken my  
 “ character,

“ character, and I moreover told him,  
 “ that the strongest proof he could give  
 “ me of his love, was, to be careful  
 “ of my reputation, therefore begged  
 “ he would give up all thoughts of see-  
 “ ing me any more, since it was out of  
 “ my power to receive him upon the  
 “ terms I wished. On this, he retired,  
 “ with a heart overwhelmed with sor-  
 “ row, leaving me in a state very ca-  
 “ pable of feeling his. The agitation  
 “ of mind that *Saint Albè* suffered,  
 “ added to which, his not having been  
 “ perfectly recovered from his wound,  
 “ threw him into a fever, which con-  
 “ fined him for some time to his bed.  
 “ At length he grew better, and as soon  
 “ as he was able, he wrote me the most  
 “ pressing letters to accept of his offer,  
 “ which I as constantly refused, telling  
 “ him at the same time, if he would  
 “ not marry as his friends most ardently  
 “ wished, he would lose all chance of  
 “ ever

“ ever seeing me again. At last, with  
 “ the utmost reluctance, *Saint Albè* o-  
 “ beyed, and espoused a woman of con-  
 “ siderable fortune, but whom he could  
 “ never love.”

HER enemies did not fail to interpret this indifference to his wife, to the Countess's disadvantage, who to stop the mouth of slander, very prudently retired into the country.

A few years after, she lost her husband the Count *de Murat*, and then repented that she had constrained *Saint Albè* to marry. But chance favored their wishes, for the wife of *Saint Albè* died soon after of the small-pox, but as he had no children, he was obliged to give up all the fortune that his wife had brought. In this situation he could hardly flatter himself that the Countess, who was become very rich (by the death  
 of



of her mother and brother,) would have any thoughts of marrying him, beside, he had been informed, that the Duke of ——— paid his addreses to her. Therefore he had resolved in despair, to retire into Holland. As soon however as the Countess was informed of his wife's death, she determined to make him full amends for all his former sufferings, as her love for him was not in the least diminished. She fixed upon her friend *Madam de Chatillon*, as the properest person she could confide in, to acquaint *Saint Albè* of his good fortune, and the Countess's intentions of being united to him by the two most sacred ties.—Law and love.

“ It is not in the power of language  
 “ (continues the Countess) to express  
 “ the excessive joy *Saint Albè* felt when  
 “ he was made acquainted with my intentions;  
 “ he fell like one distracted  
 “ at

“ at the feet of *Madam de Chatillon*, em-  
 “ braced her knees and entreated her  
 “ to tell him if she was sincere in what  
 “ she said — To convince him she was,  
 “ she sent for me immediately. I haf-  
 “ tened to her house, full of impati-  
 “ ence to know what were the effects  
 “ of her embassy. *Saint Albè* was still  
 “ on his knees when I entered the  
 “ room. Come *Madam* (said she) for  
 “ I scarce know where I am, if you do  
 “ not immediately command *Saint Albè*  
 “ to order, I fear he will expire at my  
 “ feet. I was so confused I hardly  
 “ knew what she said, and seeing him  
 “ in that position, I feared that she  
 “ had thrown him into despair, and  
 “ had made him believe I proposed  
 “ marrying the Duke of ——. Ah!  
 “ *Madam* (said I, in that idea) you are  
 “ cruel to cause *Saint Albè* so much  
 “ pain. What is it she has told you,  
 “ said I, (addressing myself to him) that  
 “ you

“ you feel so afflicted? Then turning  
 “ towards me, and pressing my hand  
 “ to his lips, said, I scarce know Ma-  
 “ dam how to believe what I have  
 “ heard, my astonishment is inconceiv-  
 “ able at the thoughts of ever posses-  
 “ sing so much bliss, and happiness.—I  
 “ am not able to express the feelings of  
 “ my soul, I can only say, Madam,  
 “ that I adore you, and wish it were  
 “ possible you could read the sentiments  
 “ of my heart: I see very well (re-  
 “ plied I) that Madam *de Chatillon* has  
 “ betrayed me, and that it is useless for  
 “ me to pretend any longer to conceal  
 “ from you the tenderness with which  
 “ you inspired me above twelve years  
 “ since, and which has not in the least  
 “ been diminished. Your former con-  
 “ duct has convinced me, that you me-  
 “ rit my utmost esteem and gratitude;  
 “ but nevertheless, though we are both  
 “ at liberty, I might not so easily have  
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“ resolved to have been united to you,  
 “ if it was not that you have been other-  
 “ wise unfortunate, but being deprived  
 “ of your own fortune, makes my assist-  
 “ ance the more necessary. I expe-  
 “ rienced your generosity to me at the  
 “ time I was myself in distress, there-  
 “ fore, it is but just, you should now  
 “ experience mine in return. But I  
 “ am very sure you have too much de-  
 “ licacy as well as friendship for me,  
 “ to wish me to do any thing but what  
 “ is consistent with my honor, therefore  
 “ it will be necessary, before I marry  
 “ you, to break off with the Duke of  
 “ ——— and likewise procure an esta-  
 “ blishment for my son. You must  
 “ faithfully promise, not to reveal to  
 “ any one my intentions, and that you  
 “ will see me but seldom, till I have  
 “ made all necessary preparations for  
 “ our marriage, which I hope will be  
 “ soon. I beseech you therefore to be  
 “ particularly

“ particularly circumspect in regard to  
 “ your conduct in all things, and that  
 “ you do not give me the least cause to  
 “ repent my having promised to be  
 “ yours. Ah! Madam (replied *Saint*  
 “ *Albè*) this is too much.—You see that  
 “ time has not been able to diminish the  
 “ ardour of my passion, God is my wit-  
 “ nefs, that if you had married the  
 “ Duke of — I should never have  
 “ ceased to have loved you; my reso-  
 “ lution was already taken, to have re-  
 “ tired into Holland, not only to have  
 “ avoided the misery of seeing you  
 “ another’s, but to have concealed my  
 “ other misfortunes from you, least I  
 “ must have been under a necessity of  
 “ solliciting your generosity.”

At length, the nuptials of the Coun-  
 tefs and *Saint Albè* were completed.—  
 Nothing could be more perfect than the  
 happiness which subsisted between them,

death only was able to separate two persons who were united by the strongest ties of the most ardent affection. *Saint Albè* in the prime and vigour of life, and furrounded with every blessing and comfort that this world can bestow, died suddenly of a fever occasioned by a blow he had received upon his breast by a musket. What Madam *de Murat* felt on that fatal event, is most pathetically expressed by herself.

“ I have not been able (says the  
 “ Countess) since that time, to employ  
 “ my thoughts, but in bewailing the  
 “ loss of a husband whom I held so  
 “ dear; his image is ever before me,  
 “ his virtues can never be obliterated  
 “ from my heart. I hope I shall be  
 “ pardoned in giving a detail of our  
 “ sad separation, and though the por-  
 “ trait I have given of *Saint Albè* in  
 “ these memoirs is infinitely inferior  
 “ to



“ to what he really was, it may raise  
 “ perhaps the curiosity of the reader  
 “ to be informed in what manner he  
 “ ended his life.——

“ *Saint Albè* had shewn at the battle  
 “ of D. every mark of prudence, and  
 “ valour which could be expected from  
 “ an officer of his reputation, and in  
 “ precipitately advancing towards the  
 “ enemy he received a blow from a  
 “ musket, a cross his breast, which was  
 “ not looked upon to be of such a  
 “ dangerous consequence as it proved ;  
 “ he wrote me word that the wound he  
 “ had received was but slight, and begged  
 “ me not to be too much alarmed.  
 “ I loved him with too much tenderness  
 “ not to feel the utmost inquietude upon  
 “ his account, and immediately set out  
 “ to see him. For two or three days,  
 “ we had no thoughts of his being in  
 “ danger, as the surgeon had declared.

“ the wound was not mortal. But he  
 “ so greatly altered all of a sudden,  
 “ and was attacked with so violent a  
 “ fever, that it left us no room to doubt  
 “ but there was an abscess formed in his  
 “ breast. He was however, sensible  
 “ from the first, that the remedies which  
 “ were administered to him, were need-  
 “ less, and that he should die. The  
 “ moment he felt his end approaching,  
 “ he called me to him, and having de-  
 “ fired every one else to quit the room,  
 “ he spoke to me in the following terms.  
 “ Do not my dearest wife flatter your-  
 “ self, any longer with hopes of my  
 “ recovery.—I feel my dissolution  
 “ draw near.—I perceive that in a few  
 “ hours, we must be separated, it is def-  
 “ tined for me to quit a life, the latter  
 “ part of which, I have spent in un-  
 “ speakable happiness, being blessed in  
 “ your love and affection. The little  
 “ reputation I have gained in life, has  
 “ been

“ been owing to you, as it was my study  
 “ to merit, and deserve your esteem,  
 “ and the title I had the honor to bear,  
 “ that of being *your* husband.—Adieu  
 “ my dear wife—adieu for the last time,  
 “ (added he tenderly embracing me.)  
 “ Whilst *Saint Albè* held me in this  
 “ discourse, I was in a condition that  
 “ deserved pity.—I bathed his hands  
 “ with my tears, and could only answer  
 “ with sobs and sighs.—I know not in  
 “ that moment which of us had most  
 “ reason to complain. They put me  
 “ motionless to bed.—I did not recover  
 “ my senses in less than three hours.  
 “ I then got up with an intention of  
 “ returning to his chamber, but they  
 “ would not suffer me to see him till he  
 “ was deprived of life! Every one was  
 “ too much taken up with his own grief  
 “ to regard my wretchedness, all the  
 “ servants were overcome with sorrow  
 “ —the soldiers entered the room in  
 “ crowds.



“ crowds to kiss his hand ; the officers  
 “ wept, and retired in a profound si-  
 “ lence. I entered the room when he  
 “ had just expired, I saw him, but with-  
 “ out life.—Oh God! What a wretched  
 “ spectacle. The sad remembrance of  
 “ which, wrings my very soul.—I know  
 “ not how I came to survive him.—But  
 “ to finish this sad detail, I shall con-  
 “ clude saying, that I suspended the  
 “ course of my tears as much as I was  
 “ able, till I had rendered him the me-  
 “ lancholy duties, and signalized my  
 “ love by the magnificence and splen-  
 “ dour of his obsequies.”

HAVING given some of the most in-  
 teresting extracts from *Madam de Mu-  
 rat's* own life, we will now give an an-  
 ecdote as related by that lady, which  
 happened at the court of Francis the  
 first.—The Count *de Château Briant*,  
 who was far advanced in years, had de-  
 termined

terminated to quit the court, and retire to his country seat—but first, he proposed to fix upon some amiable companion, with whom he could wish to spend the remainder of his days. It was not long, before the transcendent beauty, and amiable qualities of *Françoise de Foix*, determined him to ask that lady in marriage, of her brother the Count *de Lautrec*, who readily granted his request on account of his high birth and great wealth. But every one was surprized, and murmured, when they found he intended to carry away his beautiful bride to his seat, which was in the further part of Brittany, not only for the summer season, but also to continue there during the winter. But as the time of the King's coronation drew near, the Count *de Château Briant*, (for the sake of decorum) thought it proper to stay till that ceremony was over. The French, who had long before

fore that reign, the reputation of surpassing in gallantry, and magnificence, every other nation, omitted nothing upon this occasion, which could contribute to render such a ceremony worthy of the curiosity, and admiration of all the world: and as the King was one of the finest men of his court, he particularly drew the attention of the gazing multitude; his rich and costly apparel, added to his personal beauty and comeliness, struck all ranks of people with admiration. Madam *de Château Briant* who was in a balcony (accompanied by a great number of ladies) no sooner saw the King pass by, than she felt her whole frame agitated, and her confusion was manifestly painted in her face:—her eyes were fixed upon him with the utmost attention, till he was no longer in sight: and then she was plunged for a long time in the most profound reverie, in which she was not aware



aware how dangerous it was to indulge herself. But that which put the finishing stroke to her undoing, was, her being a few days after at a tournament where she saw that amiable Prince break a lance, and run the ring with so much grace and address, that he surpassed all the other cavaliers. No sooner were these amusements over, than the Count begged she would prepare for their journey—he saw very plainly that she was greatly mortified at going, but did not perceive it arose from her unfortunate passion, of which, she herself, perhaps, was at that time ignorant. During the journey, the Countess was extremely melancholy, which encreased much more, when she arrived at her solitary retreat. Her husband did every thing in his power to dissipate her chagrin, which he attributed to her having quitted her family and friends. Among the numerous pictures that adorned the

Countess's

Countess's chamber, was the portrait of Francis the first, opposite the door, which upon entering, was the very first object that offered itself to her view. This picture, the Count ordered to be taken down, with intention of having his own portrait hung up in its place. When the Countess had the King's picture in her hands, she examined it with the utmost attention, and employed herself for many days in putting it up in various parts of the chamber, to see the different manner in which it appeared to her eyes, and found in whatever light it was put, it had always the same grace, and displayed charms which she found it impossible to resist. In short, by continually considering it with so much attention, she suffered herself to be so greatly overcome, that one day as she was holding the picture, and bathing it with her tears, she fainted away. One of her women upon hearing her fall,

fall, came into the room, and seeing her lie motionless upon the floor, cried out that her mistress was dead.—The Count immediately came in, and taking her up in his arms, tried every means for her recovery. She at last opened her eyes, which she instantly turned away, as if ashamed to meet those of her husband. He asked her what her complaint was, but she only answered him with sighs.—He then perceived the King's portrait near her, which was sufficient for him to suspect what was really the truth. As a jealous mind is generally ingenious in tormenting itself, the Count was determined to search to the bottom of a secret, which it would have been happy for him, if he had remained totally ignorant of; for he became from that moment, equally cruel to Madam de *Château Briant* and to himself. He affected upon every occasion whenever they met, to speak to her of the

Vol. II. Y King,



King, and to praise him for his personal advantages, and amiable qualities, at the same time, fixing his eyes upon her, to observe what effect it had upon her countenance, and remarked as often, that whatever effort she made to conceal her sentiments, her blushes betrayed the secret pleasure she felt, when that Prince's name was mentioned. Meanwhile, a law suit of great importance, called *Monsieur de Château Briant* to court, yet he could not prevail upon himself to carry his wife with him and through an oddity, without example, he made her promise not to quit the province, whatever requests he might make by letter for her to follow him. He then took a gold ring and cut it in two pieces, giving her one part, and expressly forbidding her to come to court, unless she received the other, in a letter.

THE arrival of the Count at Paris,  
without

without his wife, caused much speculation among the courtiers, who immediately suspected that he was jealous. Her relations begged he would write to her to come to Paris, which he did, but as she did not receive the half ring, she as constantly refused to quit her retreat.—The Count, who had a favorite *valet de chambre* in whom he thought he could confide, was the only person he entrusted with the secret of the ring. The valet, who had been formerly a servant in the Countess's family, and pitying her situation, found means to get that part of the ring which was in his master's possession, and had another made so exactly like it, that it was difficult to know them apart. He then contrived to put the real half in the first letter which his master wrote to the Countess, and some days after, the Countess arrived at court. Never was astonishment equal to that of the Count's! He run like one

distracted to his cabinet, and took out the half ring, and brought it to the Countess, who equally surpris'd, shew'd him that which she had received, and also the other half which he had given her at parting. He remained a long time almost motionless, not knowing what to think.—At last, lifting up his eyes to Heaven, he cried out in a tone of despair, “ It is all over with me, I am lost, I am undone ! Adieu madam, I expressly command you not to follow me.” In speaking which, he instantly left the room, mounted his horse, and returned to *Château Briant*, where he delivered himself up to melancholy. Neither the Count *de Lautrec*, or his brother, judg'd it proper for their sister to follow a husband, who appear'd to possess such an uncommon degree of oddity in his composition. The Countess therefore staid at court, and saw the King, who was not insensible to her charms,



charms, and did every thing in his power to console her for the rigour of her husband. Love, more than Royalty, soon brought the Countess to hearken to the Monarch's vows of eternal love and fidelity, and all his tenderness was returned.

IN the mean time, the conquest of the *Milanois* having called the King into Italy, the Countess returned to *Château Briant* and exposed herself to the furious jealousy of her enraged husband, where her death, and a cruel death too, was the consequence of her repentance, for certainly, remorse of conscience was the true motive of her return. After having languished some time with grief and perpetual weeping, and had seen her beloved infant conducted to the tomb, she at last became the victim of the Count's jealousy, which exhibits a wretched catastrophe indeed!—A lady,

who had been appointed governess to the Countess's infant daughter, perceiving that the Count was making some preparations which she imagined forboded no good to the Countess, run and acquainted her with her suspicions, but she answered her without the least emotion, saying she was prepared for the worst; that since the death of her child, life had become insupportable to her, and that her husband in depriving her of it, would oblige her more than he thought; since by that means, she should be delivered from so much misery. She had no sooner done speaking, then the Count rushed into her chamber, with fury in his eyes, accompanied by six men who were masked. As soon as the Countess saw him, she told him with an air of dejection, that she plainly perceived with what design he came; that she should not murmur at her fate, well knowing that she merited the most rigorous

gorous punishment he could inflict upon her ; but as Heaven had reserved to itself the power of chastising our crimes, she prayed that the Count might be pardoned the vengeance he was about to take on her, and that God would be merciful to him, both here, and in Eternity. As soon as Madam *de Château Briant* had finished what she had to say, the Count made a signal to the men, to come and execute the orders which he had previously given them. Four of these assassins then seized the Countess, and held her down, whilst the other two, opened veins on her arms, and legs, meanwhile her merciless husband, took a barbarous pleasure in seeing her blood gush from her beautiful limbs, and run in rivulets about the chamber. Neither her struggles, nor faintings, nor her piteous looks which seemed to pray for mercy, could in the least soften the obdurate heart of her husband, who was  
determined



determined not to quit her, till he saw her expire in the arms of her daughter's governess, who was mingling her tears, with the blood of her unfortunate mistress.

WE must not quit *Madam de Murat* without giving a singular anecdote, which she relates of *Monsieur Comminge*. That gentleman it seems travelling into *Berry*, was obliged one evening to put up at a wretched inn, the master of which (knowing the quality of his guest) received him with great respect and civility, at the same time making a thousand apologies for not putting him in his best apartment as they were already occupied by some travellers, whom he durst not venture to turn out. There only remained a very bad apartment below stairs for *Monsieur Comminge*, and a closet, in which they contrived to make up a bed for his friend who travelled.

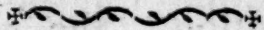
velled with him. The weather being exceedingly cold, they made a very good fire, and gave them a tolerable supper. As they were to set off betimes in the morning, *Monsieur Comminge* proposed their going early to bed, and ordered his *valet de chambre* to leave a candle burning upon the table. The two friends who were greatly fatigued, went each to their bed, where they slept as sound, as if they had lain on beds of down. But by the time *Comminge* was well settled in his first sleep, he was awaked by his friend, crying out with all his force, “ *Help, help, something strangles me.*” But *Comminge* being very drowsy, and giving but little attention to what he partly concluded was the effect of his own imagination, went to sleep again; in a short time after, he awoke again full of inquietude: He called to his friend, but received no answer, he then got up, and taking the candle, went to the closet;

closet; but what his astonishment when he found his friend motionless, and seized by the throat by a dead man laden with chains! It is easy to conceive the distress of *Comminge*, who was like one distracted at the sight of so horrid a spectacle! He instantly called out for help, and in the same moment the master of the house appeared, who was thunderstruck when he saw what had happened. *Comminge* allowed himself no time to enquire into this mystery, till he had first endeavored to recover his friend, in whom he perceived some signs of life, the barber of the village was immediately called in to bleed him, and every remedy they could think of was tried to recover him, but it was with the greatest difficulty they were able to disengage him from the dead man, who had fast hold of his throat. Meanwhile *Comminge* learnt from his host that the ostler had been some time,

out



out of his mind, and at last grew so mad, and furious, that they were obliged to chain him down in an out-house close to the stables: but having broke loose, he had entered the closet by a little door, which was very near the place of his confinement, and they imagined he came with an intention to expire on the bed, which he saw was making up for the gentleman, from a hole in the out-house which was left open for air. The gentleman who recovered in a few days, protested he never in his life suffered so much, and believed it would be some time before he could be free from that horror of mind, which such a shocking accident had occasioned.



# MADAME DUNOYER.

(6. 1663)  
**I**T is not very easy to give a just idea of the character of this lady. From reading

reading her own memoirs written by herself, one would be apt to think that she was the most virtuous, and the most unfortunate woman that ever existed. On the other hand, her husband represents her under the most odious colours, and endeavors to set her in the most contemptible light. Which of these two accounts we are to credit, is rather difficult to determine; but the most probable conclusion is, that Madam *Dunoyer*, was neither so good, as she describes herself to be, nor so bad, as her husband took pains to make the world believe.—She was born at Nismes, in 1663; her maiden name was *Petit*. She was educated in the protestant religion, for which, she seems to have suffered much persecution. She gives a long detail of the cruelties which were exercised upon the Huguenots at Nismes: their places of public worship thrown down and demolished; their clergy persecuted

secuted with the utmost severity; and many of the most zealous among them, punished with incredible rigour. From this scene of horror, and confusion, Madam *Dunoyer* flew for shelter to *Geneva*, and from thence, to *Zurich* in Switzerland. She gives an account of that town worth reciting.

“ THE houses (says Madam *Dunoyer*)  
 “ are well built, the streets remarkably  
 “ clean; and what is singular, the river  
 “ runs through the town. One of their  
 “ churches, (which they call the Greek  
 “ church) is remarkable for having two  
 “ steeples, one of which is covered  
 “ with copper. On the outside of it,  
 “ is a stone Equestrian statue; and on  
 “ the other steeple, is the statue of  
 “ *Charlemagne*, with a gilt crown. There  
 “ are two very handsome large bridges  
 “ which divide the town into two equal  
 “ parts; under which the lake *Zurich*  
 Vol. II.                      Z                      “ (which



“ (which is twenty-four miles long) dis-  
 “ charges the *limmar*. One of these  
 “ bridges, is so very spacious, that it  
 “ not only serves as a very pleasant  
 “ walk, but also for a fruit, and green  
 “ market. The inhabitants are a care-  
 “ ful and industrious people; the wo-  
 “ men are remarkably modest and par-  
 “ ticularly reserved in public. The  
 “ unmarried women, wear their hair  
 “ flowing in ringlets upon their shoul-  
 “ ders, decorated with knots of ribbon,  
 “ to distinguish them from those that  
 “ are married. They are exceedingly  
 “ fond of music, and have a taste for  
 “ the polite arts. They marry very  
 “ young; and the laws against infide-  
 “ lity are so severe, that they are ob-  
 “ liged to be very constant to each  
 “ other in the conjugal state, for ADUL-  
 “ TERY is punished with DEATH.”

MADAM *Dunoyer*, then made an ex-  
 cursion

curfion to England, of which nation, ſhe gives a very long, and curious account, and upon the whole, a very faithful, and candid one.—Some time after, ſhe viſited Holland, and was there, made acquainted with *Voltaire*, to whom, however, ſhe became an implacable enemy—her chief diſlike to him aroſe, from his endeavoring to convert her daughter (with whom he was paſſionately in love) and perſuading her to embrace the catholic religion. Madam *Dunoyer*, who was a bigotted proteſtant, highly reſented this conduct in *Voltaire*, and forbade him ever viſiting her daughter. This did not however prevent ſome ſecret interviews between the two lovers; but to prevent a diſcovery, *Voltaire* ſent a compleat ſuit of men's cloaths to *Mademoiſelle Dunoyer* unknown to her mother, with which ſhe often ſallied out, to meet her lover. The cloaths ſo well became her, and

she looked so exceedingly beautiful in them, that *Voltaire* complimented her with the following elegant lines.— But as every thing is esteemed which comes from the pen of that inimitable writer, we will give an extract of his letter in which he enclosed his poetical compliment.

“ Je ne sçais si je dois vous appeller  
 “ Monsieur ou Mademoiselle : Si vous  
 “ êtes adorable en cornettes, ma foi  
 “ vous êtes un aimable cavalier ; &  
 “ notre portier qui, n’est point amou-  
 “ reux de vous, vous a trouvé un très-  
 “ joli Garçon : La première fois que  
 “ vous viendrez, il vous recevra à mer-  
 “ veille : Vous aviez pourtant la mine  
 “ aussi terrible qu’ aimable ; & je crains  
 “ que vous n’ ayez tiré l’ épée dans la  
 “ rue, afin qu’ il ne vous manquât plus  
 “ rien d’ un jeune homme : Après tout  
 “ tout



“ tout jeune homme que vous êtes vous  
 “ êtes sage comme une fille.”

Enfin je vous ai vu charmant objet que j'aime,

En cavalier déguisé dans ce jour :

J'ai cru voir Vénus elle même,

Sous la figure de l'amour.

L'amour & vous, vous êtes du même âge.

Et sa mere a moins de beauté,

Mais malgré ce double avantage,

J'ai reconnu bientôt la vérité :

O . . . . vous êtes trop sage.

Pour être une divinité.

BUT unfortunately for the two lovers, their place of *rendez-vous*, was discovered, and they were reduced to the necessity, of only writing to each other for a long time. *Voltaire's* letters to his mistress, are written in the most tender and pathetic style. Her mother, it seems, had obtained an order, by some complaint which she had made against *Voltaire*, to have him sent out of Holland. This order he received from the

hands of the French Ambaffador, who commanded him not to quit his apartment, till the moment of his departure. Upon which, he wrote a letter to *Made-moiselle Dunoyer* full of complaints and murmurs againſt her mother, and adds;

“ I am here a priſoner; they may de-  
 “ prive me of life, but they have it not  
 “ in their power to deprive me of the  
 “ happineſs of loving you. Be aſſured  
 “ my adorable miſtreſs, in ſpite of all  
 “ their cruelty, and injuſtice, I will  
 “ contrive to ſee you this evening;  
 “ even were I in danger of loſing my  
 “ head on the ſcaffold.”

IN another, he ſays; “ We are both  
 “ of us unfortunate, but let our mutual  
 “ tenderneſs, and affection be a conſo-  
 “ lation to each other, never love was  
 “ equal to mine, for no one ever de-  
 “ ſerved to be ſo well beloved as you.”

MOST

MOST of his letters to *Mademoiselle Dunoyer* run in the same style, a style which seldom affords entertainment but to the parties who are interested. However they all happened to fall into *Madam Dunoyer's* hands, who grew ten times more exasperated against *Voltaire*, for the free manner in which he had delivered his sentiments of her, in his correspondence with her daughter.

BUT *Madam Dunoyer* in return, not only makes very ill-natured comments on his letters, but goes so far as to say, that he was not so violently in love with her daughter as he pretended, and even taxes him with copying some of his most tender expressions, verbatim from the letters of *Abailard* and *Héloïse*; but as she was so highly prejudiced against *Voltaire*, it is hardly fair to give credit to any thing she says against that great and extraordinary man.

*Madame*



*Madame* DE LA ROCHEGUILHEM,

**B**ORN in 1663, and died 1710; she composed many romances, and has related several anecdotes of different nations, some of which, are very entertaining. This lady was not much beloved by her cotemporaries, nor did they do her that justice, her merit seemed to have entitled her to, which appears manifestly to have arisen from her being bred a protestant. The freedom, and satyrical raillery with which she speaks of the most horrid monster that ever disgraced the pontifical habit, Pope Alexander VI, (in her history of *Julie de Farnase*) most likely may have brought upon her the resentment of the Ecclesiastics, who do not love to have the vices of their holy brotherhood pointed out, and exposed. The Pope (says *Madam De la Rocheguilhem*) who was highly captivated with the superlative

perlative beauty of *Julie de Farnase*, tried every means in his power to gain the affections of that lovely woman, but without effect. He created her brother a Bishop, and soon after a Cardinal, making him also the confident of his passion. The new Cardinal, whose ambition was unbounded, and had thoughts of one day aspiring to the papal chair, was mean enough to solicit his sister to favour the Pontiff's passion. But the virtuous and amiable *Julie*, equally despising both the master and his new favorite, retired to Venice, but not without first shewing the utmost contempt to both, for endeavouring to seduce her from the paths of virtue.

SPEAKING to Alexander, she says,  
 “ What is it you require of me? what  
 “ is it you hope for by all these extra-  
 “ vagant follies? How unbecoming is  
 “ your conduct, how inconsistent with  
 “ your

“ your rank and condition: What!  
 “ The vicar of God—the master of  
 “ kings—the chief of the church—the  
 “ key keeper of Heaven—the infallible  
 “ guide—the director of purgatory—  
 “ the dispenser of kingdoms—the dis-  
 “ tributer of indulgences—the Empe-  
 “ ror of all pardons—and in a word,  
 “ him, who peopleth paradise with  
 “ saints! Is this the man who would  
 “ quit his triple crown, his august keys  
 “ —is this the man that pretends to hold  
 “ the first rank among the Holy Apof-  
 “ tles, and yet would quit his sacred  
 “ purple, his pontifical chair, his vener-  
 “ able slippers, (sacred ornaments of  
 “ public processions) thus to trample  
 “ on virtue’s laws, and endeavor to dis-  
 “ honor and stain with infamy an in-  
 “ nocent virgin.”

IN this manner has Madam *De la*  
*Rocheguilhem*, so justly and so forcibly  
 exposed



exposed the wickedness, and weakness  
of a profligate Pope.\*



# MADAME DE SENAICTAIRE,

WAS a cotemporary with *Madame De la Rocheguilhem*, but we are not able to trace, either the time of her birth or death. We do not find any other production from this lady's pen, but a romance, intituled *Orafie*, which, (though

\* Whether this writer (as she was a native of France) acted with policy in venturing to ridicule the conduct of so sacred a character, we will not take upon us to determine; but there would soon be an end of virtue, or even the appearance of it, if every writer was to withhold their pen from exposing the vices and follies of the GREAT. The examples of superiors, will always have its weight with the ignorant multitude, and as mankind are more prone to follow bad examples than good, how very dangerous must it be to society, when those men who ought from their exalted stations

or

(though it is written with a good deal of spirit) is so extravagant, and so full of improbable incidents, that even those readers who admire novels, would scarce find much entertainment in the perusal of it,

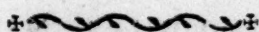


### MADemoiselle DES HOULIERES,

**B**ORN at Paris, 1668, was celebrated for some very elegant pieces of poetry, for which she was received as a member in the academy *des Ricov-rati*.

or conspicuous rank, to be the protectors of virtue, the distributors of justice, and the patterns of wisdom, should become the violaters of those laws they themselves have framed, and which they exercise unrelentingly on the lower order of mankind. How often do we see the needy robber go unpitied to Tyburn, while the opulent plunderer is going in splendour to C—t?—  
**SOLON** said, “The laws were like spiders webs, which only catch silly flies, but let the hornets and other boisterous insects escape.”

*rati.* Tho' her style of writing is not equal to that of her mother's (who we have already mentioned) yet, there is great merit in them. She bewails, in the most pathetic manner, the loss of her lover, who was killed in the field of battle, 1692; a loss, which afflicted her so deeply, that she never after, enjoyed either health or spirits: She died 1708, and was interred in the church of St. Roch, near the tomb of her mother.



*Mademoiselle* CLAUDE GUERIN.

THIS lady, better known under the name of *Madame de Tencin*, was Canoness of *Neuville*: She was born at Paris, 1681, and died there, 1749.—*Madam de Tencin*, was looked upon as a prodigy of perfection. She possessed a most excellent heart, a manly under-  
Vol. II                      A a                      standing,



standing, uncommon courage, fortitude, joined to a delicacy, and softness of manners, which rendered her truly amiable: In short, she was a most distinguished, and inestimable character. It was to her, that the celebrated Cardinal *de Tencin* (her brother) owed his good fortune, and high preferment in the church. Persons of the first condition, courted her acquaintance, her society was sought for, with avidity, by men of the greatest learning, and foreigners of distinction;—she was the author of a much admired romance, intitled, *Le Comte de Comminge*, in which she has displayed the greatest delicacy of sentiment, and a thorough knowledge of human nature. She also composed *Le Siege de Calais*, which is equally well written, and has greatly the advantage of the other in one respect, being founded upon an historical fact.

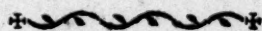
MADemoiselle

MADemoisELLE NOUVELLON,

AND

MADAME D' ENCAUSE,

WERE both admired for their  
poetical talents.

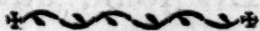


MADAME PATIN,

COMPOSED some admirable moral, and christian reflections; and her two daughters, GABRIELLE and CHARLOTTE, were greatly admired for their literary productions; one of whom composed a Latin folio full of figures, under the title of *Tabellæ Selectæ, & Explicatæ, à C. C. Patina, pad. Acad. Gabrielle*, or an explanation of select pictures, painted by the most celebrated masters. She composed also, many public discourses, among others, a La-

tin harangue upon the raising of the siege of Vienna. Her sister composed a very fine panegyric upon Lewis XIV, and many other very ingenious things.

THESE three learned ladies, resided at *Padua*, and were members of the Academy *des Ricovrati*, in that town, from which, they received the names, of LA MODESTE, LA RARE, & LA DESERTE.



#### MADemoiselle DE VANDEUVRE.

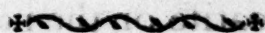
THIS lady was called a GRACE, from her excellent beauty, and fine figure ; a MUSE, from having composed the most elegant poetry ; and a SIREN, from her voice.

MADemoiselle



## MADEMOISELLE LOUVENCOURT,

**B**ORN at Paris, 1680, was not only celebrated for her poetical genius, but for the beauty of her person, for her very fine voice, and musical talents; she sung with great taste, and played admirably well on the theorbo lute. She composed many cantatas, which were greatly admired, but above all, she was highly esteemed for her modesty, and eloquence in conversation. She died at Paris, in 1712.



**T**HE names of *Pringi, Liencourt, Mousart, Ouvrier, Pascal, and Perrier*, afford us nothing material.



## MARCHIONESS DE BRETEUIL.

**G**ABRIELLA CHATELET, Marchioness *de Breteuil*, was born in

1706, she was a woman of great learning, and understood many languages. Tasso and Milton were as familiar to her as Virgil. She was endowed with singular Eloquence; she had even a turn for the most abstruse sciences, and gave herself up to the study of the Mathematics. Among the first works, which she published, was an explication of *Leibnitz's* Philosophy, under the title of *Institutions de Physique*. The preliminary discourse of which, is a master-piece of Reason and Eloquence. She afterwards published a treatise on the nature of fire, and a commentary on Newton's philosophy, intitled *Principes Mathématique de la Philosophie Naturelle*. This work is esteemed *un chef d'œuvre*. She died much lamented, by all lovers of literature, in 1749, at the age of forty-three.

## MADEMOISELLE DE LUSSAN.

**W**AS the natural daughter of Prince Thomas, Count of Soissons, brother to Prince Eugene. She was allowed to be one of the best writers of her time, and taking uncommon pains very early in life, to improve and cultivate her understanding, acquired the highest reputation, not only for her literary abilities, but for the sensibility of her heart, her humanity, her generosity, and every amiable virtue that can adorn human nature, which made her ample amends for the want of beauty, or personal charms. Her brown complexion, squinting eyes, and forbidding countenance, gave her the appearance of a man dressed in woman's cloaths, and her hoarse and masculine voice almost confirmed her being one; yet with all these personal defects, no one was ever more admired



admired or caressed. She died much lamented, at Paris 1758.

*M<sup>lle</sup>. de Luffan* composed a great number of romances, which were well received, and also published many interesting anecdotes of the courts of Philip Augustus, and of Charles VI. The history of Lewis XI. The secret memoirs of the court of France under Charles VII. The history of Mary of England married to Lewis XII. And lastly, the history of the Revolution of Naples, in which she has introduced the story of that very extraordinary man *Anello*, vulgarly called *Massaniello*, who was the cause of a Revolution, the most astonishing of any we have ever met with in history, where ambition was no motive, nor was it supported by any sovereign power, but arose alone from the discontent of an irritated people. It has however furnished *M<sup>lle</sup>. de Luffan* with

with sufficient matter to fill four volumes under the title *D'Histoire de la Revolution du Royaume de Naples dans les années 1647, and 1648.*

THE Duke *D'Arcos* (says *Mlle. de Lusfan*) who was a descendant from one of the most ancient and illustrious families in Spain, was appointed Viceroy of Naples in 1644, but Governed that kingdom with so much tyranny, and loaded the people with such heavy taxes, that he became odious to the Neapolitans, who for some time bore with tolerable patience, the enormous exactions that were levied upon them: But when they found a tax was also laid upon all kinds of fruit, which was the chief support and nourishment of the common people, and who by that means were reduced to the utmost misery and distress, they were resolved to bear it no longer, and the whole kingdom united, in openly  
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revolting against their cruel oppressors. The time which the revolvers had fixed upon to put their schemes into execution, was on a solemn festival, headed by Massaniello a fisherman of Naples, who finding that many families were undone by the enormous weight of taxes, and that the poor in particular, seemed determined not to endure it, he had the temerity to stand forth their champion, and harangued them with so much natural Eloquence, that he soon found himself at the head of many thousand men, women, and children, who kept calling out, “ *Long live the King of Spain, but let our wicked Government die, let the cursed Government die,—*” (adding) *God gives us plenty, and our cursed Governors give us famine.*” They even stopped the Viceroy’s coach, and made him promise them immediate relief. Some with great submission kissed his hands, and intreated him to listen to their  
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their grievances, while others fell on their knees, saying, “ *Most excellent Sir, for the love of God, disburden us of these heavy gabels which pray upon our heart’s blood; let us have no more slavery, let us breathe.*” In short *Anello’s* power increased so rapidly, that he became absolute Governor of Naples, while the Viceroy and all the great officers of state would have been happy to have made their escape, he made thirty-six precincts to arm for their common defence, and because a shopkeeper refused to sell him powder, he caused lighted matches to be thrown into his house, and blew it up with sixty people who dwelt therein. At length he found 150,000 people in arms, and under his absolute command, with these armed men, he put to death a great number of the principal oppressors of the people. The Viceroy, entered into a personal treaty with *Anello*, who went to the palace

lace as richly attired, and as nobly guarded, as any sovereign in Europe, where, having redressed the grievances of the people, he retired and supported his own authority as their General, till he became frantic with power, and having given many strong instances of insanity, he was at last assassinated to the great joy of the Viceroy, and the nobility of Naples. History cannot furnish such another instance of the height of power this sovereign arrived to, who from a bare-footed fisherman, in the space of four days, raised an army of an 150,000 men, and made himself master of one of the most populous cities in the world.

THIS, the most extraordinary Revolution that the history of the world produces, ought says *Mlle. de Luffan*, to be a warning to all men in power, whether Kings, Viceroys, Popes, or Emperors,  
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to take care *how* they exercise it, for every great city in the Universe, has within its walls more than one *Anello*, whose talents may probably die unknown to the possessors, if not awakened into action, by tyranny or oppression.\* Had *Mlle. Luffan*, known that beautiful Elegy written in a country church-yard, by our ingenious countryman, GRAY, she would probably have given at the end of this narrative the following extract.

*Mlle. Luffan's* history of Charles VI. is so full of strange incidents, that it has more the air of fiction than an histo-  
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\*“ Full many a gem of purest ray serene,

“ The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear.

“ Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,

“ And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

“ Some village HAMPDEN that with dauntless breast,

“ The little tyrants of the field withstood,

“ Some mute inglorious MILTON here may rest,

“ Some CROMWELL guiltless of his country's  
blood.”



rical relation. The reign of that unfortunate Prince, which involved France in continual scenes of trouble for two and forty years, has furnished *Mlle. Lusfan* sufficient matter, to fill nine volumes with, the ambition, and cruelties committed by the Princes of the blood, whose examples were followed by the chief nobility; for mutiny and sedition, civil wars, treasons, poisoning, and assassinations, were the fatal evils which arose from the weakness, or wickedness of those, in whom the power and authority were lodged. Charles was but twelve years old, when he lost his parents; but, he discovered in his earliest youth, an amiableness of disposition, and many marks of intrepidity, as well as a strong desire of signalizing himself in the field. When he was but eight years of age, his father took him one day into his cabinet of curiosities, and bid him take whatever he liked best. The  
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young Prince, like another Achilles, despising the superb, and costly jewels which were set before him, chose in preference to them, an old sword, which hung up in the corner of the room! At another time, the King presented him a gold crown, and an helmet, the Prince took the helmet, saying, "*Gardez* " *Sire, gardez votre couronne.*" After the death of Charles the Vth, the Duke *de Bourgogne*, was charged with the education of the young Prince, and the Duke *D'Anjou*, was chosen Regent during his minority. At the age of fifteen, the young Monarch took the reins of government into his own hands, headed his army in Flanders, and was at the famous battle of *Rosbach*. He conducted himself with so much bravery and humanity, that he was adored by his subjects, and the beginning of his reign, seemed to promise peace and happiness to France, to complete which, they were desirous

of marrying the young Monarch, for which purpose, they procured the portraits of all the Princesses in Europe, but that of Isabella of Brussels, by far eclipsed all the others. An Ambassador was immediately sent, to demand that Princess, who being conducted with great pomp to *Amiens*, was met there by the impatient Monarch, who finding that she even surpassed the beautiful portrait he had seen of her, was in raptures, and expressed to the Duke *de Bourgogne*, the joy he felt at being united to so lovely a woman. The whole kingdom testified their joy also, on this occasion, which was still more encreased on the birth of a Dauphin. The King had chosen for his Prime Minister the illustrious *Olivier de Clisson*, who was equally as great in the cabinet as in the field. For some time the people tasted the sweets of a wise and just government, under a Prince whom they adored.



ed. But alas! the face of things soon began to wear another aspect. The brave, and worthy *Cliffon*, was assassinated by *Craon*. The terrible effects which that fatal event produced in the King, threw the whole kingdom into the utmost consternation. From that hour he fell into a deep melancholy, and often shewed symptoms of a disordered mind; he grew suspicious, and jealous of every one about him: in short, his whole conduct and character was totally changed; and his disorder was greatly encreased, when he found that *Craon* had escaped the punishment due to his crime, by taking refuge in the Duke of *Bretagne's* court, he insisted, that the culprit should be delivered up, but the Duke refused to comply with his demand. This refusal so roused the resentment of Charles, that he was determined to wage war against the Duke, he therefore marched at the

head of his army, with a full resolution to revenge such injurious treatment. This war, greatly alarmed some of the Princes of the Blood, particularly the King's uncles, who did all in their power to put a stop to it, but their endeavors proved fruitless;—The offended Monarch was resolved not to yield to their entreaties, but advanced with his troops towards the town of *Mons*. Meanwhile his melancholy encreased to an alarming degree, and at times, betrayed even idiotical symptoms. To add to this misfortune, an accident happened which for some time, totally deprived him of reason. As he was conducting his troops to *Angers*, he passed through a thick forest, about the middle of which, a man of a gigantic size, and of a most hideous aspect and figure, bare-headed, and bare-footed, suddenly rushed out from behind the trees, and seizing the bridle of the King's horse, cried out in  
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a terrible voice, "*Arrete noble Roi, tu es trahi.*" i. e. *Stop noble King, for thou art betrayed.* The King, and every one present, were struck with the utmost astonishment—but looking upon it, that the man was insane, they only pushed him away, without deigning even to chastise him for his temerity. The man went back again repeating all the way the same words, but in a more tremendous voice than before.

THE army continued their rout, and passing the forest, they were obliged to march over a very sandy plain, which caused great fatigue both to the men, and horses; where about noon, the heat was so intense, and the dust so troublesome, that they were under the necessity of marching exceedingly slow. Two pages followed close to the King, one holding his helmet, the other his lance. He that held the lance, being exceedingly

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ingly fatigued and sleepy, unfortunately let it fall upon the helmet, the noise of which, roused the King, who was also very weary, and perceiving the point of the lance so near him, he was greatly alarmed; the words of that hideous figure immediately occurring to his imagination, he could not be persuaded, but that they aimed at his life; and that the noise of the lance was meant as a signal to the conspirators. Possessed with these ideas, he drew his sword, and sheathed it in the body of the unfortunate page—and believing every one about him to be his enemies, he became quite frantic, and threw himself into the midst of his squadrons, striking, on his right, and left, all, who were within his reach, crying out, that they were traitors, and meant to betray him.—Terror and astonishment seized the minds of both officers, and soldiers. They flew before him, but he still pursued,

fued, flaying as he went; yet no one, offered to make the leaft refiftance, fo much did they love and refpect him. The Duke of *Orleans*, whom he tenderly loved, endeavored to perfuade him by the gentleft means to defift, and made ufe of every argument in his power, to calm his fury. But the King did not fo much as know him—but ftruck, and purfued him, juft as he had done the reft; and the Duke would inevitably have fallen a victim to his brother's frantic rage, if he had not been well mounted, and rode off with the utmoft expedition into the foreft. They knew not how to avoid the King's fury, or how to ftop him, nor could they in the leaft comprehend the meaning of his mad conduct. Four gentlemen endeavoring to ftop his horfe, were facrificed by him on the fpot;—the *Baftard de Polignac* was one of the victims who fell. This terrible fpectacle lafted near  
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an hour; at last, his sword being broke, and his strength failing, they at length easily overpowered him, and four of his officers took him off his horse, and laid him gently down on a carpet, his eyes still rolling with fury, and his whole countenance was so distorted, that it was perceptible to all, that his brain was terribly disordered. After disrobing him, of his heavy attire, they laid him in a litter, first taking the precaution of confining his hands. He then, overcome with heat and fatigue, fell into a lethargic stupor, and in that condition, they carried him back to *Mons*, from which place, he sat out that very morning in the most pompous, and splendid manner, at the head of forty thousand men.—After some days rest, his mind began to be composed, and though extremely weak and feeble, he desired to be informed of all that had passed, which they no sooner



sooner acquainted him with, than he was seized with the utmost horror, and asked pardon of his nobles who were present, and ordered a most liberal provision to be made for the widows and children of those, whom he had unhappily destroyed, and was deeply concerned, when he reflected on the mischief he had committed: but his fits of frenzy often returned, and in that melancholy condition he remained some time. At length however, he began to recover in some measure his health, and spirits, when there happened another accident which threw him again into his former unhappy situation. To divert the King, they had prepared a very magnificent masked ball, to which, he went disguised under the figure of a savage, with four young Lords who were dressed in the same manner, chained to each other, the Royal Savage holding the chain. Their habits

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were made of brown cloth, on which a great quantity of flax and hemp, were fastened, with pitch and tar. The Duke of *Orleans*, approaching too near the *savages* with a flambeaux in his hand, the flax, &c. unfortunately took fire—and not only burnt the savages in a miserable manner, but also four other masks who were near them. The King would likewise have shared the same fate, if it had not been for his aunt the Duchess of *Berry*, who had the presence of mind as well as courage, to throw the train of her gown over the King, by which means the flames were soon extinguished. This fatal accident however, hastened his relapse, and caused a return of his fits. His mind was ever after overwhelmed with the idea of the dangers which had surrounded him; and his malady returned with much more violence than before, and of longer duration, till at length, his disease became

became incurable. He was even highly incensed at being treated as a King—looking upon it that it was done out of mockery and insult, and effaced with his knife, the arms on the gold and silver plate which was set before him—nor did he even know the Queen, whose tenderness, he, with anger and fury in his looks, resented, and drove her from his presence with the utmost violence;—denying that he was a King—or that he was either married, or had children—and would neither change his linen, nor his sheets, or let them make his bed; but lay in the midst of his own sloth till he was almost devoured by vermin, and which contaminated his whole body. At last, they were obliged to make use of the following stratagem to conquer his obstinacy. They procured ten of the tallest, and stoutest men, they could find, who were masked, and dressed in white to appear as phan-

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toms; after stalking round the room where the King lay, they advanced abruptly up to him, seized, and dressed him in clean linen—changed his bedding—and put every thing about him in the most decent order, without speaking one word. The King was so terrified, that he very quietly submitted to every thing they did, and even took from their hands, the medicines which no one else, durst have offered him.—However, except a few short intervals of reason, which he sometimes had, this sad malady did not quit him till his death, and was the cause of innumerable evils, which plunged the nation into the utmost misery during his long life. For by his uncles taking the reins of Government into their own hands, the kingdom became a prey to their excessive Avarice and Ambition.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.



